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THE

TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS:

AN

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE AUTHORITIES

OF THE CITY OF BOSTON,

July 4, 1845.

BY CHARLES SUMNER.

O! yet a nobler task awaits thy hand!
For what can War but endless War still breed?
Till Truth and Right from Violence be freed.
MILTON, SONNET TO FAIRFAX.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY,
Depository No. 60½ Cornhill.
1845.

Certainly, if all who look upon themselves as men, not so much from the shape of their bodies, as because they are endowed with reason, would listen awhile unto Christ's wholesome and peaceable decrees, and not, puffed up with arrogance and conceit, rather believe their owne opinions than his admonitions; the whole world long ago (turning the use of iron into milder workes), should have lived in most quiet tranquillity, and have met together in a firme and indissoluble League of most safe Concord.—ARNOBIUS, ADVERSUS GENTES, LIB. 1, p. 6.

All high titles come hitherto from fighting. Your Herzog (Duke, Dux) is leader of armies; your Earl (Jarl) is strong man; Marshal, cavalry horse-shoer. A millennium, or reign of Peace, having been prophesied, and becoming daily more and more indubitable, may it not be apprehended that such Fighting titles [also General, Admiral, Colonel, Captain] will cease to be palatable, and new and higher need to be devised?—CARLYLE'S SARTOR RESARTUS.

CITY OF BOSTON.

In the Board of Aldermen, July 7, 1845.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Board be presented in behalf of the City Council, to CHARLES SUMNER, Esq., for the able and eloquent oration, delivered by him, before the Municipal Authorities of the City, at the recent celebration of the anniversary of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States;—and that he be requested to furnish a copy for the press.

Attest, S. F. McCLEARY, *City Clerk.*

Boston, July 10, 1845.

SIR:

I am grateful to my fellow-citizens for listening with such indulgence to sentiments which, I was sorry to believe, would not be in harmony with the opinions of all; and I now place at your disposal a copy of the Oration, much of which was necessarily omitted in the delivery, on account of its length.

In undertaking to present my views of the *True Grandeur of Nations*, I thought that I was most fitly fulfilling the trust that had been reposed in me, when I was selected as the voice of the City of Boston on the National Anniversary. Believing that, in the present state of Christian society, all war and all preparation for war, are irrational, unnecessary and inconsistent with that true greatness at which our Republic should aim, I deemed it my duty on that occasion to uphold that truth. I was also anxious that our country should seek the true glory, and what is higher than glory, the great good, of taking the lead in the disarming of the nations.

Allow me to add, that I wish to be understood as restraining my opinions precisely within the limits which I have assigned them in these pages; and, particularly, to disclaim the suggestion which has been volunteered with regard to them, that Force may not be employed, under the sanction of Justice, in the conservation of the laws and of domestic quiet. All good men must unite in condemning, as barbarous and unchristian, the resort to external Force; in other words, to the arbitrament of War; to *International* LYNCH LAW; or the great *Trial by Battle*, to determine justice between nations.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES SUMNER.

THOMAS A. DAVIS, ESQ., *Mayor, &c., &c.,*

ORATION.

It is in obedience to an uninterrupted usage in our community that, on this Sabbath of the Nation, we have all put aside the common cares of life, and seized a respite from the never-ending toils of labor, to meet in gladness and congratulation, mindful of the blessings transmitted from the Past, mindful also, I trust, of the duties to the Present and the Future. May he who now addresses you be enabled so to direct your minds, that you shall not seem to have lost a day!

All hearts first turn to the Fathers of the Republic. Their venerable forms rise before us, and we seem to behold them, in the procession of successive generations. They come from the frozen rock of Plymouth, from the wasted bands of Raleigh, from the Heavenly companionship of William Penn, from the anxious councils of the Revolution, and from all those fields of sacrifice, on which, in obedience to the Spirit of their Age, they sealed their devotion to duty with their blood. They seem to speak to us, their children: "Cease to vaunt yourselves of what you do, and of what has been done for you. Learn to walk humbly, and to think meekly of yourselves. Cultivate habits of self-sacrifice and of devotion to duty. May our words be always in your minds, never aim at aught which is not RIGHT, persuaded that without this, every possession and all knowledge will become an evil and a shame. Strive to increase the inheritance which we have bequeathed; know, that, if we excel you in virtue, such a victory will be to us a mortification, while defeat will bring happiness. It is in this way, that you may conquer us. Nothing is more shameful for a man,

than to found his title to esteem, not on his own merits, but on the fame of his ancestors. The glory of the Fathers is doubtless to their children a most precious treasure; but to enjoy it without transmitting it to the next generation, and without adding to it yourselves, this is the height of imbecility. Following these counsels, when your days shall be finished on earth, you will come to join us, and we shall receive you as friends receive friends; but if you neglect our words, expect no happy greeting then from us." *

Honor to the memory of our Fathers! May the turf lie gently on their sacred graves! But let us not in words only, but in deeds also, testify our reverence for their name. Let us imitate what in them was lofty, pure and good; let us from them learn to bear hardship and privation. Let us, who now reap in strength what they sowed in weakness, study to enhance the inheritance we have received. To do this, we must not fold our hands in slumber, nor abide content with the Past. To each generation is committed its peculiar task; nor does the heart, which responds to the call of duty, find rest except in the world to come.

Be ours, then, the task which, in the order of Providence, has been cast upon us! And what is this task? How shall we best perform the part assigned to us? What can we do to make our coming welcome to our Fathers in the skies, and to draw to our memory hereafter the homage of a grateful posterity? How can we add to the inheritance we have received? The answer to these questions cannot fail to interest all minds, particularly on this Anniversary of the birth-day of our country. Nay, more; it becomes us, on this occasion, as patriots and citizens, to turn our thoughts inward, as the good man dedicates his birth-day, to the consideration of his character and the mode in which its vices may be corrected and its virtues strengthened. Avoiding, then, all exultation in the prosperity that has enriched our land, and in the extending influence of the blessings of freedom, let us consider what we can do to elevate our character, to add to the happiness of all, and to attain to that righteousness which exalteth a nation. In this spirit, I propose to inquire *what, in our age, are the true objects of national ambition—what is truly national glory—national honor*—WHAT IS THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS.

* The chief of this is borrowed almost literally from the words attributed by Plato to the Fathers of Athens, in the beautiful Funeral Discourse of the Menexenus.

I hope to rescue these terms, so powerful over the minds of men, from the mistaken objects to which they are applied, from deeds of war and the extension of empire, that henceforward they may be attached only to acts of Justice and Humanity.

The subject will raise us to the contemplation of things that are not temporary or local in their character; but which belong to all ages and all countries; which are as lofty as Truth, as universal as Humanity. But it derives a peculiar interest, at this moment, from transactions in which our country has become involved. On the one side, by an act of unjust legislation, extending our power over Texas, we have endangered Peace with Mexico; while on the other, by a presumptuous assertion of a disputed claim to a worthless territory beyond the Rocky Mountains, we have kindled anew on the hearth of our Mother Country, the smothered fires of hostile strife. Mexico and England both aver the determination to vindicate what is called the national *honor*; and the dread arbitrament of war is calmly contemplated by our Government, provided it cannot obtain what is called an *honorable* peace.*

Far be from our country and our age the sin and shame of contests hateful in the sight of God and all good men, having their origin in no righteous though mistaken sentiment, in no true love of country, in no generous thirst for fame, that last infirmity of noble minds, but springing in both cases from an ignorant and ignoble passion for new territories; strengthened in one case, by an unnatural desire, in this land of boasted freedom, to fasten by new links the chains which promise soon to fall from the limbs of the unhappy slave! In such contests, God has no attribute which can join with us. Who believes that the *national honor* will be promoted by a war with Mexico or England? What just man would sacrifice a single human life, to bring under our rule both Texas and Oregon? It was an ancient Roman, touched, perhaps, by a transient gleam of Christian truth, who said, when he turned aside from a career of Asiatic conquest, that he would rather save the life of a single citizen than become master of all the dominions of Mithridates.

A war with Mexico would be mean and cowardly; but

* The official paper at Washington has said, "We presume the negotiation is really resumed, and will be prosecuted in this city, and not in London, to some definite conclusion—peaceably we should hope—*but we wish for no peace but an honorable peace.*"

with England it would be at least bold, though parricidal. The heart sickens at the murderous attack upon an enemy, distracted by civil feuds, weak at home, impotent abroad; but it recoils in horror from the deadly shock between children of a common ancestry, speaking the same language, soothed in infancy by the same words of love and tenderness, and hardened into vigorous manhood under the bracing influence of institutions drawn from the same ancient founts of freedom. *Curam acuebat, quod adversus Latinos bellandum erat, linguâ moribus, armorum genere, institutis ante omnia militaribus congruentes; milites militibus, centurionibus centuriones, tribuni tribunis compares, collegæque, iisdem pærsidis, sæpe iisdem manipulis permixti fuerant.**

In our age there can be no peace that is not honorable; there can be no war that is not dishonorable.† The true honor of a nation is to be found only in deeds of justice and in the happiness of its people, all of which are inconsistent with war. In the clear eye of Christian judgment vain are its victories; infamous are its spoils. He is the true benefactor and alone worthy of honor who brings comfort where before was wretchedness; who dries the tear of sorrow; who pours oil into the wounds of the unfortunate; who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked; who unlooses the fetters of the slave; who does justice; who enlightens the ignorant; who enlivens and exalts, by his virtuous genius, in art, in literature, in science, the hours of life; who, by words or actions, inspires a love for God and for man. This is the Christian hero; this is the man of honor in a Christian land. He is no benefactor, nor deserving of honor, whatever may be his worldly renown, whose life is passed in acts of force; who renounces the great law of Christian brotherhood; whose vocation is blood; who triumphs in battle over his fellow-men. Well may old Sir Thomas Browne exclaim, "the world does not know its

*T. Liv. VIII, c. 6.

†It will be observed that this proposition is restrained to *our age*. It is not intended to express any opinion with regard to the Past, and, particularly, with regard to the War of the Revolution. Wars are the natural consequence of the predominance of the *animal* part of our nature; but the day has now arrived in which we should *declare Independence* of the bestial propensities, and recognize the supremacy of the moral and intellectual faculties. The question of the justifiableness of the War of the Revolution has been handled with great strength and freedom by Hon. William Jay, in his admirable publication, Peace and War; in a sermon by Rev. Mr. Judd, and by the late Mr. Grimké, of South Carolina, in his address before the Connecticut Peace Society. For some considerations bearing on this question, and another occurring in these pages, I beg leave to refer to a letter printed in the Appendix, Note A.

greatest men;" for thus far it has chiefly discerned the violent brood of battle, the armed men springing up from the dragon's teeth sown by Hate, and cared little for the truly good men, children of Love, Cromwells guiltless of their country's blood, whose steps on earth have been as noiseless as an angel's wing.

It is not to be disguised that these views differ from the generally received opinions of the world down to this day. The voice of man has been given mostly to the praise of military chieftains, and the honors of victory have been chanted even by the lips of woman. The mother, while rocking her infant on her knees, has stamped on his tender mind, at that age more impressible than wax, the images of war; she has nursed his slumbers with its melodies; she has pleased his waking hours with its stories; and selected for his playthings the plume and the sword. The child is father to the man; and who can weigh the influence of these early impressions on the opinions of later years? The mind which trains the child is like the hand which commands the end of a long lever; a gentle effort at that time suffices to heave the enormous weight of succeeding years. As the boy advances to youth he is fed, like Achilles, not only on honey and milk, but on bear's flesh and lion's marrow. He draws the nutriment of his soul from a literature, whose beautiful fields have been moistened by human blood. Fain would I offer my tribute to the Father of Poetry, standing, with harp of immortal melody, on the misty mountain top of distant antiquity; to all those stories of courage and sacrifice which emblazon the annals of Greece and Rome; to the fulminations of Demosthenes and the splendors of Tully; to the sweet verse of Virgil and the poetic prose of Livy. Fain would I offer my tribute to the new literature, which shot up in modern times as a vigorous forest from the burnt site of ancient woods; to the passionate song of the Troubadour of France, and the Minnesinger of Germany; to the thrilling ballads of Spain, and the delicate music of the Italian lyre. But from all these has breathed the breath of war, that has swept the heart-strings of innumerable generations of men!

And when the youth becomes a man, his country invites his services in war, and holds before his bewildered imagination the highest prizes of honor. For him is the pen of the historian and the verse of the poet. His soul swells at the thought, that he also is a soldier; that his name shall be

entered on the list of those who have borne arms in the cause of their country; and, perhaps, he dreams, that he too may sleep, like the Great Captain of Spain, with a hundred trophies over his grave. But the contagion spreads among us, beyond those bands on whom is imposed the positive obligation of law. Respectable citizens volunteer to look like soldiers, and to affect in dress, in arms and deportment, what is called "the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The ear-piercing fife has to-day filled our streets, and we have come together, on this Anniversary, by the thump of drum and the sound of martial music.

It is not strange, then, that the spirit of war still finds a home among us; nor that its honors are still regarded. This fact may seem to give point to the bitter philosophy of Hobbes, who held that the natural state of mankind was war, and to sustain the exulting language of the soldier in our own day, who has said: "War is the condition of this world. From man to the smallest insect, all are at strife; and the glory of arms, which cannot be obtained without the exercise of honor, fortitude, courage, obedience, modesty and temperance, excites the brave man's patriotism, and is a chastening correction of the rich man's pride."*

I now ask what is *war?* Let me give a short but strictly scientific answer. *War is a public, armed, contest, between nations, in order to establish* JUSTICE *between them;* as, for instance, to determine a disputed boundary line, or the title to a territory. It has been called by Lord Bacon "one of the highest trials of right, when princes and states, that acknowledge no superior upon earth, shall put themselves upon the justice of God for the deciding of their controversies by such success as it shall please him to give on either side."†

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*Napier Penins. War. VI. 688. "Why, man," said a British General, "do you know that a grenadier is the greatest character in this world," and after a moment's pause, adding the emphasis of an oath to his speech, "and, I believe, in the next too." Southey's Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, I. 211.

†Bacon's Works, Vol. III. p. 40. This definition of Lord Bacon has been adopted by Mr. Chancellor Kent in his authoritative work.—Kent, Commentaries on American Law, Vol. I. p. 46. Vattel defines war as "that state in which we *prosecute* our *rights* by *force*."—Law of Nations, Book 3, ch. 1. § 1; in which he very nearly follows Bynkershoek, who says; Bellum est eorum, qui suæ potestatis sunt, *juris sui persequendi ergo*, concertatio per vim vel dolum.—Quæst. Jur. Pub. Lib. I. c. 6. Mr. Whewell, in his recent work, says; Though war is appealed to because there is no other ultimate tribunal to which States can have recourse, *it is appealed to for justice*.—Elements of Morality and Polity, Vol. II. § 1146. Mr. Lieber says, in a work abounding in learning and sagacious thought, Political Ethics, II. 643, that war is a mode of obtaining rights; a definition which does not differ in substance from that in the text; though he imagines that such wars may justly be regarded as defensive in their

This definition may seem, at first view, to exclude what are termed by "martial logic," *defensive wars.* But a close consideration of the subject will make it apparent that no war can arise among Christian nations, at the present day, except to determine an asserted right. The wars usually and falsely called *defensive* are of this character. They are appeals for justice to force; endeavors to redress evils by force. They spring from the sentiment of vengeance or honor. They inflict evil for evil, and vainly essay to overcome evil by evil. The wars that now lower from Mexico and England are of this character. On the one side, we assert a title to Texas, which is disputed; and on the other a title to Oregon, which is disputed. Who can regard the *ordeal by battle* in these causes as a defensive war? The object proposed in 1834 by war with France, was to secure the payment of five millions of dollars, in other words, to determine, by the arbitrament of war, a question of justice. It would be madness to term this a case of self-defence; it has been happily said,* if, because a man refuses to pay a just debt, I go to his house and beat him, that is not *self-defence;* but such was precisely the conduct proposed to be adopted by our country. The avowed purpose of the war, declared by the United States against Great Britain in 1812, was to obtain from the latter power an abandonment of her unrighteous claim to search American vessels. It is a mockery to miscall such a contest a *defensive* war.

I repeat, therefore, that war is a public armed contest, between nations, in order to establish justice between them.

When we have considered the character of war; the miseries it produces; and its utter and shameful insufficiency, as a means of establishing *justice*, we may then be able to determine, strictly and logically, whether it must not be ranked with crimes from which no true honor can spring, to individuals or nations, but rather condemnation and shame.

I. And first as to the character of war, or that part of our nature in which it has its origin. Listen to the voice of the ancient poet of Bœotian Ascra:

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character. He advocates war with the ardor of one inspired by the history of the past, and looking no higher than to history for rules of conduct, while his own experience of suffering on fields of slaughter has failed to make him discern the folly and wickedness of such a mode of determining questions between nations.

*Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, in his Address on the Nature and Influence of War, where he treats this topic, as well as the whole subject of war, with great point and effect.

> This is the law for mortals ordained by the Ruler of Heaven;
> Fishes and Beasts and Birds of the air devour each other;
> JUSTICE *dwells not among them; only to* MAN *has he given*
> JUSTICE *the Highest and Best.**

The first idea that rises to the mind, in regarding war, is that it is a resort to force, whereby each nation strives to overpower the other. Reason, and the divine part of our nature, in which alone we differ from the beasts, in which alone we approach the Divinity, in which alone are the elements of *justice*, the professed object of war, are dethroned. It is, in short, a temporary adoption, by men, of the character of wild beasts, emulating their ferocity, rejoicing like them in blood, and seeking, as with a lion's paw, to hold an asserted right. This character of war is somewhat disguised, in more recent days, by the skill and knowledge which it employs; it is, however, still the same, made more destructive by the genius and intellect which have been degraded to its servants. The early poets, in the unconscious simplicity of the world's childhood, make this strikingly apparent. All the heroes of Homer are likened in their rage to the ungovernable fury of animals or things devoid of human reason or human affection. Menelaus presses his way through the crowd, "like a beast." † Sarpedon was aroused against the Argives, "as a lion against the crooked-horned oxen;" ‡ and afterwards rushes forward "like a lion nourished on the mountains for a long time famished for want of flesh, but whose courage compels him to go even to the well-guarded sheep-fold." § The great Telamonian Ajax in one and the same passage is likened to "a beast," "a tawny lion" and "an obstinate ass;" ‖ and all the Greek chiefs, the flower of the camp, are described as ranged about Diomed, "like raw-eating lions or wild boars whose strength is irresistible." ¶ And Hector, the hero in whom cluster the highest virtues of polished war, is called by the characteristic term, "the tamer of horses," and one of his renowned feats in battle, indicating only brute strength, is where he takes up and hurls a stone which two of the strongest men could not easily put into a wagon; ** and he drives over dead bodies and shields, while the axle is defiled by gore, and the guard about the seat, sprinkled from

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* Hesiod, Works and Days, v. 276—279. Cicero also says; Neque ulla re longius absumus a naturâ ferarum, in quibus inesse fortitudinem sæpe dicimus, ut in equis, in leonibus; justitiam, æquitatem, bonitatem non dicimus.—De Offic. Lib. 1 cap. 16.

† *Θηρὶ ἐοικώς.* Il. III. 449. ‡ *Λέοντ' ὡς βουσὶν ἐλιξιν.* Il. XII. 293.
§ Il. XII. 300—306. ‖ Il. XI. 546—553. ¶ Il. V. 782.
** Il. XII. 445—449. See a similar act, Æneid XII. 826.

the horse's hoofs and from the tires of the wheels ; * and, in that most admired passage of ancient literature, before returning his child, the young Astyanax, to the arms of his wife, he invokes the gods for a single blessing on his head, that "he may excel his father, and bring home *bloody spoils*, his enemy being slain, and *so make glad the heart of his mother.*" †

Illustrations of this nature might be gathered from the early fields of modern literature, as well as from the more ancient, all showing the unconscious degradation of the soldier, who, in the pursuit of *justice*, renounces the human character to assume that of the beasts. Henry V, in our own Shakspeare, in the spirit-stirring appeal to his troops, says ;

> When the blast of war blows in our ears,
> *Then imitate the action of the tiger.*‡

This is plain and frank, and reveals the true character of war.

I need not dwell on the moral debasement of man that must ensue. All the passions of his nature are unleashed like so many blood-hounds, and suffered to rage. All the crimes which fill our prisons stalk abroad, plaited with the soldier's garb, and unwhipt of justice. Murder, robbery, rape, arson, theft, are the sports of this fiendish Saturnalia, when

> The gates of mercy shall be all shut up
> And the fleshed soldier, rough and hard of heart,
> In the liberty of bloody hand shall range
> *With conscience wide as hell.*

Such is the foul disfigurement which war produces in man ; man, of whom it has been said, "how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a God !"

II. Let us now consider more particularly the effects or consequences of this resort to brute force, in the pursuit of *justice.*

The immediate effect of war is to sever all relations of friendship and commerce between the two nations and every

* Il. XI. 534. See a similar scene, Æneid XII. 337. In modern warfare, we find a similar sketch of the *great* Condé. The soul is startled by the picture of a distinguished person, in whom the human character has been blotted out; "Le Duc était couvert de sueur, de poussière, et de fumée ; le feu jaillissait de ses yeux, *et le bras dont it tenait son épée était ensanglanté jusqu 'au coude.* 'Vous êtes blessé, Monseigneur ?' Lui demanda Bussaq.'Non, non,' répondit Enghien [Condé] ; *' c'est le sang de ces coquins !' Il voulait parler des ennemis.*" Mahon, Essai sur la vie du Grand Condé, p. 60.

† Il. Vi. 476—481.

‡ Hen. V. Act 3, Scene 1.

individual thereof, impressing upon each citizen or subject the character of enemy. Imagine this between England and the United States. The innumerable ships of the two countries, the white doves of commerce, bearing the olive of peace, would be driven from the sea, or turned from their proper purposes to be ministers of destruction; the threads of social and business intercourse which have become woven into a thick web would be suddenly snapped asunder; friend could no longer communicate with friend; the twenty thousand letters, which each fortnight are speeded, from this port alone, across the sea, could no longer be sent, and the human affections and desires, of which these are the precious expression, would seek in vain for utterance. Tell me, you, who have friends and kindred abroad, or who are bound to foreigners by the more worldly relations of commerce, are you prepared for this rude separation?

But this is little compared with what must follow. This is only the first portentous shadow of the disastrous eclipse, the twilight usher of thick darkness, that is to cover the whole heavens, as with a pall, to be broken only by the blazing lightnings of the battle and the siege.

The horrors of these redden every page of history; while, to the disgrace of humanity, the historian has rarely applied to their brutal authors the condemnation they deserve. A popular writer, in our own day, dazzled by those false ideas of greatness at which reason and Christianity blush, does not hesitate to dwell on them with terms of rapture and eulogy.*

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* The same spirit pervades the *Histoire de la Revolution Francaise*, by Thiers, and so far as I have read it, his later work, the History of the Consulate and Empire. For a degrading picture of what is called *glory*, I would refer to the *Histoire de la Revolution*, Tom. 8, p. 430. War in every age has been the same; and to the shame of human nature has never wanted historians, who described its deeds with feelings kindred to those by which they were inspired. Froissart, who takes special delight in describing "les rencontres ou l'on pouvoit voir d'une et d'autre part, belles envahies, belles rescousses, beaux faits d'armes, et belles prouesses," has recounted with much detail all the assaults of cities and castles, the almost constant result of which was, "que la ville étoit assez tôt gagnée par force et tantôt robée et mise à l'épée, sans mercy, hommes et femmes et enfans, et less eglises arses et bruslées." Lewis of Spain transported his troops to Basse-Bretannque, "pour aller ardoir et rober tout le pays, et trouvèrent si grand avoir que merveille seroit à raconter." Gaultier de Maury pursued them; but he occupied himself "à maisons et villes ardoir, et à gagner du butin." Froissart, c. 178, p. 88. Sismondi has correctly remarked that Froissart accorded his admiration equally to bravery and to cunning, to the courtesy which pardoned as to the rage which caused the flow of torrents of blood. Sismondi, Histoire des Français, Tom. X. 373. Even the beautiful soul of Wilberforce, which sighed that "the bloody laws of his country sent many unprepared into another world," by capital punishment, could hail the slaughter of Waterloo, on the Sabbath that he held so holy, by which thousands were hurried into Eternity, as "a splendid victory!" Life of Wilberforce, IV. 256, 261.

At Tarragona, above six thousand human beings, almost all defenceless, men and women, grey hairs and infant innocence, attractive youth and wrinkled age, were butchered by the infuriated troops in one night, and the morning sun rose upon a city whose streets and houses were inundated with blood. And yet this is called "a glorious exploit." * This was a conquest by the French. At a later day Ciudad Rodrigo was stormed by the British, when there ensued in the license of victory, a frightful scene of plunder and violence, while shouts and screams on all sides fearfully intermingled with the groans of the wounded. The churches were desecrated, the cellars of wine and spirits were pillaged; fire was wantonly applied to different parts of the city; and brutal intoxication spread in every direction. It was only when the drunken men dropped from excess, or fell asleep, that any degree of order was restored, and yet the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo is pronounced "one of the most brilliant exploits of the British army." † This exploit was followed by the storming of Badajoz, in which the same scenes were enacted again with added atrocities. Let the story be told in the words of a partial historian; "Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fire bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the report of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled! The wounded were then looked to, the dead disposed of." ‡

The same terrible war affords another instance of the horrors of a siege, which cries to Heaven for judgment. For weeks before the surrender of Saragossa, the deaths were from four to five hundred daily; the living were unable to bury the dead, and thousands of carcasses, scattered about the streets and court-yards, or piled in heaps at the doors of churches, were left to dissolve in their own corruption or to be licked up by the flames of the burning houses. The city was shaken to its foundation by sixteen thousand shells thrown during the bombardment, and the explosion of forty-five thousand pounds of powder in the mines, while the bones

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* Alison, Hist. of French Rev. VIII. 114. † Alison, Hist. VIII. 189.
‡ Napier, History of Penins. War, IV. 431.

of forty thousand persons of every age and both sexes bore dreadful testimony to the unutterable atrocity of war.*

These might be supposed to be pictures from the age of Alaric, Scourge of God, or of Attila, whose boast was, that the grass did not grow where his horse had set his foot; but no; they belong to our own times. They are portions of the wonderful but wicked career of him, who stands out as the foremost representative of worldly grandeur. The heart aches, as we follow him and his marshals from field to field of glory.† At Albuera in Spain, we see the horrid piles of carcasses, while all the night the rain pours down, and the river and the hills and the woods on each side, resound with the dismal clamors and groans of dying men.‡ At Salamanca, long after the battle, we behold the ground still blanched by the skeletons of those who fell, and strewn with the fragments of casques and cuirasses. We follow in the dismal traces of his Russian campaign; at Valentina § we see the soldiers black with powder, their bayonets bent with the violence of the encounter; the earth ploughed with cannon shot, the trees torn and mutilated, the field covered with broken carriages, wounded horses and mangled bodies, while disease, sad attendant on military suffering, sweeps thousands from the great hospitals of the army, and the multitude of amputated limbs, which there is not time to destroy, accumulate in bloody heaps, filling the air with corruption. || What tongue, what pen, can describe the horrors of the field of Borodino, where between the rise and set of a single sun, more than one hundred thousand of our fellow-men, equalling in number the population of this whole city, sank to the earth dead or wounded? Fifty days after the battle, no less than twenty thousand are found lying where they

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* Napier, Hist. of Pen. War, II. 46. For the terrific storming of St. Sebastian, see Napier, VI. 197—219.

† A living poet of Italy, who will be placed by his prose, among the great names of his country's literature, in a deathless ode, which he has thrown on the Urn of Napoleon, leaves to posterity to judge, whether his was true glory.

Dall' Alpi alle Piramidi,
Dal Manzanare al Reno
Di quel securo il fulmine,
Tenea dietro il baleno,
Scoppiò da Scilla al Tanai
Dall' uno all' altro mar.
Fu vera gloria? Ai posteri
L' ardua sentenza. *Manzoni, Il Cinque Maggio.*

When men learn to appreciate moral grandeur the easy sentence will be rendered, and the glory of the warrior be scattered like the unclean dust of his earthly body.

‡ Napier, III. 543. § Alison, VII. 241. || Alison, VII. 355.

have fallen, and the whole plain is strewn with half-buried carcasses of men and horses, intermingled with garments dyed in blood, and bones gnawed by dogs and vultures. Who can follow the French army, in their dismal retreat, avoiding the pursuing spear of the Cossack, only to sink under the sharper frost and ice, in a temperature below zero, on foot, without a shelter for their bodies, and famishing on horse-flesh and a miserable compound of rye and snow-water? Still later we behold him with a fresh array, contending against new forces under the walls of Dresden; and as the Emperor rides over the field of battle, having supped with the king of Saxony the night before, ghastly traces of the contest of the preceding day are to be seen on all sides; out of the newly made graves hands and arms are projecting, stark and stiff above the earth.* And shortly afterwards when shelter is needed for the troops, direction is given to occupy the Hospitals for the Insane, with the order "turn out the mad." †

But why follow further in this career of blood? There is, however, one other picture of the atrocious, though natural consequences of war, occurring almost within our own day, that I would not omit. Let me bring to your mind Genoa, called the Suburb, City of palaces, dear to the memory of American childhood as the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, and one of the spots first enlightened by the morning beams of civilization, whose merchants were princes, and whose rich argosies, in those early days, introduced to Europe, the choicest products of the East, the linen of Egypt, the spices of Arabia, and the silks of Samarcand. She still sits in Queenly pride, as she did then, her mural crown studded with towers, her churches rich with marble floors and rarest pictures, her palaces of ancient Doges and Admirals yet spared by the hand of Time, her close streets, thronged by one hundred thousand inhabitants, at the feet of the maritime Alps, as they descend to the blue and tideless waters of the Mediterranean sea, leaning with her back against their strong mountain sides, overshadowed by the foliage of the fig tree and the olive, while the orange and lemon fill with their perfume the air where reigns perpetual spring. Who can contemplate such a city without delight? Who can listen to the story of her sorrows without a pang?

In the autumn of 1799, the armies of the French Republic,

* Alison, IX. 226. † Alison, IX. 267.

which had dominated over Italy, were driven from their conquests, and compelled with shrunk forces, under Massena, to seek shelter within the walls of Genoa. After various efforts by the Austrian General on the land, aided by a bombardment from the British fleet in the harbor, to force the strong defences by assault, the city is invested by a strict blockade. All communication with the country is cut off on the one side, while the harbor is closed by the ever-wakeful British watch-dogs of war. Within the beleaguered and unfortunate city, are the peaceful inhabitants, more than those of Boston in number, besides the French troops. Provisions soon become scarce; scarcity sharpens into want, till fell Famine, bringing blindness and madness in her train, rages like an Erinnys. Picture to yourself this large population, not pouring out their lives in the exulting rush of battle, but wasting at noon-day, the daughter by the side of the mother, the husband by the side of the wife. When grain and rice fail, flax-seed, millet, cocoas and almonds are ground by hand-mills into flour, and even bran, baked with honey, is eaten not to satisfy, but to deaden hunger. During the siege, but before the last extremities, a pound of horse-flesh is sold for 32 cents: a pound of bran for 30 cents; a pound of flour for $1,75. A single bean is soon sold for four cents, and a biscuit of three ounces for $2,25, and none are finally to be had. The miserable soldiers, after devouring all the horses in the city, are reduced to the degradation of feeding on dogs, cats, rats and worms, which are eagerly hunted out in the cellars and common sewers. Happy were now, exclaims an Italian historian, not those who lived, but those who died! The day is dreary from hunger; the night more dreary still from hunger accompanied by delirious fancies. Recourse is now had to herbs; monk's rhubarb, sorrel, mallows, wild succory. People of every condition, women of noble birth and beauty, seek on the slope of the mountain enclosed within the defences, those aliments which nature destined solely for the beasts. A little cheese and a few vegetables are all that can be afforded to the sick and wounded, those sacred stipendaries upon human charity. Men and women, in the last anguish of despair, now fill the air with their groans and shrieks; some in spasms, convulsions and contortions, gasping their last breath on the unpitying stones of the streets; alas! not more unpitying than man. Children, whom a dying mother's arms had ceased to pro-

tect, the orphans of an hour, with piercing cries, seek in vain the compassion of the passing stranger; but none pity or aid them. The sweet fountains of sympathy are all closed by the selfishness of individual distress. In the general agony, the more impetuous rush out of the gates, and impale themselves on the Austrian bayonets, while others precipitate themselves into the sea. Others still (pardon the dire recital!) are driven to eat their shoes and devour the leather of their pouches, and the horror of human flesh has so far abated that numbers feed like cannibals, on the bodies of the dead.*

At this stage the French general capitulated, claiming and receiving what are called "the honors of war;" but not before twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, having no part or interest in the war, had died the most horrible of deaths. The Austrian flag floated over the captured Genoa but a brief span of time; for Bonaparte had already descended, like an eagle, from the Alps, and in less than a fortnight afterwards, on the vast plains of Marengo, shattered, as with an iron mace, the Austrian empire in Italy.

But wasted lands, ruined and famished cities, and slaughtered armies are only a part of "the purple testament of bleeding war." Every soldier is connected, as all of you, by dear ties of kindred, love and friendship. He has been sternly summoned from the warm embraces of family. To him there is, perhaps, an aged mother, who has fondly hoped to lean her decaying frame upon his more youthful form;

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*This picture has been drawn from the animated sketches of Botta (History of Italy, under Napoleon, vol. I. chap. I.) Alison, (Hist, of French Rev. vol. IV. chap. XXX.) and Arnold, (Modern History, Lec. IV.) The humanity of the latter is particularly aroused to the condemnation of this most atrocious murder of innocent people, and he suggests, as a sufficient remedy, a modification of the laws of war, permitting all non-combatants to withdraw from a blockaded town! They may be spared in this way the languishing death by starvation; but they must desert their firesides, their pursuits, all that makes life dear, and become homeless exiles; a fate little better than the former. It is strange that Arnold's pure soul and clear judgment did not recognize the great truth, that all war is unrighteous and unlawful, and that the horrors of this siege are its natural consequence. Laws of war! Laws in that which is lawless! order in disorder! rules of wrong! There can be only *one law of war;* that is the great law, which pronounces it unwise, unchristian and unjust. The term, Laws, or *Rights* of War, has been referred to the ancient Greeks; but, it is believed, that they are not chargeable with the invention of such a contradictory combination of words. Grotius was misled, and it would seem after him, Sir James Mackintosh (Lecture on the Law of Nature and Nations) into the belief that Aristotle wrote a treatise *Δικαιώματα πολεμων*, by a corrupted passage of Ammonius, the Grammarian, in his Treatise, of like and different words, where there is *πολεμων Wars*, instead of *πόλεων States*. See Barbeyrac's note to § 38 of the Preliminary Discourses of Grotius on the Rights of Peace and War; Selden, Of the Law of Nature and Nations, iuxta Discipl. Hebr. Lib. cham. 1, p. 4.

perhaps a wife, whose life has been just entwined inseparably with his, now condemned to wasting despair; perhaps brothers, sisters. As he falls on the field of battle, must not all these rush with his blood? But who can measure the distress that radiates as from a bloody sun, penetrating innumerable homes? Who can give the guage and dimensions of this incalculable sorrow? Tell me, ye who have felt the bitterness of parting with dear friends and kindred, whom you have watched tenderly till the last golden sands have run out, and the great hour-glass is turned, what is the measure of your anguish? Your friend has departed, soothed by kindness and in the arms of love; the soldier gasps out his life, with no friend near, while the scowl of hate darkens all that he beholds, darkens his own departing soul. Who can forget the anguish that fills the bosom and crazes the brain of Leonora, in the matchless ballad of Bürger, who seeks in vain among the returning squadrons for her lover left dead on Prague's ensanguined plain? But every field of blood has many Leonoras. From a poet of antiquity, we draw a vivid picture of homes made desolate by the murders of battle.*

But through the bounds of Grecia's land,
Who sent her sons for Troy to part,
See mourning, with much suffering heart,
On each man's threshold stand,
On each sad hearth in Grecia's land.
Well may her soul with grief be rent;
She well remembers whom she sent,
She sees them not return;
Instead of men, to each man's home,
Urns and ashes only come,
And the armor which they wore;
Sad relics to their native shore.
For Mars, the barterer of the lifeless clay,
Who sells for gold the slain,
And holds the scale in battle's doubtful day,
High balanced o'er the plain,
From Ilium's walls for men returns
Ashes and sepulchral urns;
Ashes wet with many a tear,
Sad relics of the fiery bier.
Round the full urns the general groan
Goes, as each their kindred own.
One they mourn in battle strong,
And one, that 'mid the armed throng
He sunk in glory's slaughtering tide,
And for another's consort died.
* * * * *
Others they mourn whose monuments stand
By Ilium's walls on foreign strand;
Where they fell in beauty's bloom,
There they lie in hated tomb;
Sunk beneath the massy mound,
In eternal chambers bound.

*Agamemnon of Æschylus; *Chorus.* This is from the beautiful translation of John Symmons.

III. From this dreary picture of the miseries of war, I turn to another branch of the subject.

War is utterly ineffectual to secure or advance the object at which it aims. The misery which it excites, contributes to no end, helps to establish no right, and therefore, in no respect determines justice between the contending nations.

The fruitlessness and vanity of war appear in the results of the great wars by which the world has been lacerated. After long struggles, in which each nation has inflicted and received incalculable injury, peace has been gladly obtained on the basis of the condition of things before the war.—*Status ante Bellum.* Let me refer for an example to our last war with Great Britain, the professed object of which was to obtain from the latter Power a renunciation of her claim to impress our seamen. The greatest number of American seamen ever officially alleged to be compulsorily serving in the British navy was about eight hundred. To overturn this injustice, the whole country was doomed, for more than three years to the accursed blight of war. Our commerce was driven from the seas; the resources of the land were drained by taxation; villages on the Canadian frontier were laid in ashes; the metropolis of the Republic was captured, while gaunt distress raged every where within our borders. Weary with this rude trial, our Government appointed Commissioners to treat for Peace, under these instructions: "Your first duty will be to conclude peace with Great Britain, and you are authorized to do it, *in case* you obtain a satisfactory stipulation against impressment, one which shall secure under our flag protection to the crew. If this encroachment of Great Britain is not provided against, *the United States have appealed to arms in vain.*" * Afterwards, despairing of extorting from Great Britain a relinquishment of the unrighteous claim, and foreseeing only an accumulation of calamities from an inveterate prosecution of the war, our Government directed their negociators, in concluding a Treaty of Peace, "*to omit any stipulation on the subject of impressment.*" The instructions were obeyed and the Treaty that once more restored to us the blessings of Peace, which we had rashly cast away, and which the country hailed with an intoxication of joy, contained no allusion to the subject of impressment, nor did it provide for the surrender of a single American sailor detained in the service

* American State Papers, vol. VII. p. 577.

of the British navy, and thus, by the confession of our own Government, "the United States had appealed to arms IN VAIN." *

All this is the natural result of an appeal to war in order to establish *justice*. Justice implies the exercise of the judgment in the determination of *right*. Now war not only supersedes the judgment, but delivers over the results to superiority of *force*, or to *chance*.

Who can measure before-hand the currents of the heady fight? In common language we speak of the chances of battle; and soldiers, whose lives are devoted to this harsh calling, yet speak of it as a game. The Great Captain of our age, who seemed to chain victory to his chariot wheels, in a formal address to his officers, on entering Russia, says: "In war, *fortune* has an equal share with ability in procuring success." † The mighty victory of Marengo, the accident of an accident, wrested unexpectedly at the close of the day from a foe, who at an earlier hour was successful, must have taught him the uncertainty of war. Afterwards, in the bitterness of his spirit, when his immense forces had been shivered, and his triumphant eagles driven back with broken wing, he exclaimed, in that remarkable conversation recorded by the Abbé de Pradt: "Well! this is war. High in the morning,—low enough at night. From a triumph to a fall is often but a step."‡ The military historian of the Peninsular campaigns, says: "*Fortune* always asserts her supremacy in war, and often from a slight mistake, such disastrous consequences flow, that in every age and in every nation, the *uncertainty* of wars has been proverbial;" § and again, in another place, in considering the conduct of Wellington, he says: "A few hours' delay, an accident, a turn of fortune, and he would have been foiled! ay! but this is war, *always dangerous and uncertain*, an ever-rolling wheel and armed with scythes." ‖ And can intelligent man look for justice to an ever-rolling wheel armed with scythes?

The character of war, as dependent upon chance, might be illustrated from every page of history. It is less discerned, perhaps, in the conflict of large masses, than of individuals, though equally present in both. How capriciously the

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*This sketch has been drawn from the *War and Peace*, by Hon William Jay, a gentleman whose various writings in the cause of humanity, marked by rare power of logic, accuracy of statement and elevated sentiment, will shed upon his name a fame not inferior to that of his illustrious father.

† Alison, VIII. 346. ‡ Ib, IX. 239. § Napier, VI. 687. ‖ Ib., IV. 477.

wheel turned when the fortunes of Rome were staked on the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii, and who, at one time, could have augured that the single Horatius, with his two slain brothers on the field, would have overpowered the three living enemies?

But the most interesting illustration is to be found in the history of the private wars, and particularly of the judicial combat, or of *trial by battle*, in the dark ages. The object proposed in these cases was precisely the professed object of modern war, the determination of justice. Did time permit, it would be interesting and instructive to trace the curious analogies between this early ordeal by battle, child of superstition and brute force, and the great ordeal of war.* Like the other ordeals, by burning ploughshares, by holding hot iron, by dipping the hand in hot water, or hot oil, they are both a presumptuous appeal to Providence, under an apprehension and hope, that Heaven will give the victory to him who has the right. The monstrous usage of trial by battle prevailed in the early modern centuries throughout Europe; it was a part of the common law of England; and though it fell into desuetude, overruled by the advancing spirit of civilization, still, to the disgrace of the English law, it was not legislatively abolished, until in 1817 the right to it had been distinctly claimed in Westminster Hall. Abraham Thornton, on appeal against him for murder, when brought into court, pleaded as follows: "Not guilty, and I am ready to defend the same by my body;" and thereupon taking off his glove, he threw it upon the floor of the court. The appellant did not choose to submit to this trial, and abandoned his proceedings. In the next session of Parliament, *trial by battle* was abolished in England.† The Attorney General, on introducing the bill for this purpose remarked, that, "if the party had persevered he had no doubt the legislature would have felt it their imperious duty to interfere and pass an *ex post facto law, to prevent so degrading a spectacle from taking place.*"‡

To an early monarch of France belongs the honor of first interposing the royal authority, for the entire suppression within his jurisdiction of this impious usage, so universally adopted, so dear to the nobility and so profoundly rooted in the institutions of the Feudal Age. And here let me pause with reverence, as I mention the name of St. Louis, a prince,

* See Appendix, Note B. † Blackstone, Com. III. 337, Chitty's note.
‡ Annual Register, Vol. 61. p. 52 (1819).

whose unenlightened errors may find easy condemnation in our age of larger toleration and wider knowledge, but whose firm and upright soul, whose exalted sense of justice, whose fatherly regard for the happiness of his people, whose respect for the rights of others, whose conscience void of offence before God and man, make him foremost among Christian rulers, the highest example for a Christian prince or a Christian people. He was of conscience all-compact, subjecting all that he did to the single and exclusive test of moral rectitude, disregarding all considerations of worldly advantage, all fear of worldly consequences.

His soul, thus tremblingly sensitive to questions of right, was shocked by the judicial combat. In his sight, it was a sin thus to *tempt God*, by demanding of him a miracle, whenever judgment was to be pronounced. In 1260 he assembled a parliament, where he issued an ordinance, to take effect throughout the royal dominion, in which he expressly says: "*We forbid to all persons throughout our dominions the trial by battle;* and, instead of battles, we establish proofs by witnesses; and we do not take away the other good and loyal proofs which have been used in lay courts to this day. * * * AND THESE BATTLES WE ABOLISH IN OUR DOMINIONS FOR EVER." †

Such were the restraints on the royal authority, that this Ordinance was confined in its operation to the demesnes of the King; and did not extend to those of the barons and feudatories of the realm. But where the power of St. Louis did not reach, there he labored by his example, his influence and his express intercession. He treated with many of the great vassals of the crown, and induced them to renounce this unnatural usage. Though for many years later France continued in some parts to be vexed by it, still its overthrow commenced with the Ordinance of St. Louis.

Honor and blessings attend the name of this truly Christian King; who submitted all his actions to the Heaven-descended sentiment of duty; who began a long and illustrious reign by renouncing and restoring a portion of the conquests

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* "*Nous deffendons à tous les batailles par tout nostre demengne (domaine);* mes nous n'ostons mie les claims, les respons, les convenants, ne tous autres convenants que l'en fait en court laie, siques à ore selon les usages de divers pays, *fors que nous ostons les batailles;* et en lieu des batailles nous metons prueves de tesmoins; et si n'oston pas les autres bones prueves et loyaux qui out este en court laie siques à ore. * * * *Et ces batailles nous ostons en mestre demaigne à toujours.*" Recueil des Ordonnances, t. I. p. 86—93. Guizot, Histoire de la Civilization en France, IV. 162—164.

of his predecessor, saying to those about him, whose souls did not ascend to the height of his morality, "I know that the predecessors of the King of England have lost by the right of conquest the land which I hold; and the land which I give him, I do not give because I am bound to him or his heirs, *but to put love between my children and his children, who are cousin-germans;* and it seems to me that what I thus give, I employ to good purpose!" * Honor to him who never grasped by force or cunning any new acquisition; who never sought advantage from the turmoils and dissensions of his neighbors, but studied to allay them; who, first of Christian Princes, rebuked the spirit of war, saying to those who would have him profit by the dissensions of his neighbors, "Blessed are the Peace-makers;" † who abolished *trial by battle* throughout his dominions; who aimed to do justice to all his people, and to all neighbors, and in the extremity of his last illness, on the sickening sands of Tunis, among the bequests of his spirit, enjoined on his son and successor, "in maintaining justice, to be inflexible and loyal, neither turning to the right hand nor to the left!" ‡

The history of the trial by battle will illustrate and bring home to your minds the chances of war, and the consequent folly and wickedness of submitting any question to its arbitrament. As we revert to those early periods in which it prevailed, our minds are impressed by the barbarism which we behold; we recoil, with horror, from the awful subjection of justice to brute force; from the impious profanation of the character of God in deeming him present in these outrages; from the moral degradation out of which they sprang, and which they perpetuated; we involve ourselves in our self-complacent virtue, and thank God that we are not as these men, that ours is, indeed, an age of light, while theirs was an age of darkness!

But are we aware that this monstrous and impious usage, which our enlightened reason so justly condemns in the cases of individuals is openly avowed by our own country, and by the other countries of the earth, as a proper mode of determining justice between them? Be upon our heads and upon our age the judgment of barbarism, which we pronounce

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* Joinville, Hist. de St. Louis, p. 142; Guizot, Histoire de la Civilization en France, Tome IV, 151.

† Benoist soient tuit li apaiseur, Joinville, pp. 143, 144; Guizot.

‡ Sismondi, Histoire des Franç. VIII. 196.

upon those that have gone before! At this moment, in this period of light, when the noon-day sun of civilization seems, to the contented souls of many, to be standing still in the heavens, as upon Gibeon, the relations between nations are governed by the same rules of barbarous, brutal force, which once prevailed between individuals. The dark ages have not passed away; Erebus and black Night, born of Chaos, still brood over the earth; nor shall we hail the clear day, until the mighty hearts of the nations shall be touched, as those of children, and the whole earth, individuals and nations alike, shall acknowledge *one and the same rule of Right.*

Who has told you, fond man! to regard that as a glory when performed by a nation, which is condemned as a crime and a barbarism, when committed by an individual? In what vain conceit of wisdom and virtue do you find this incongruous morality? Where is it declared, that God, who is no respecter of persons, is a respecter of multitudes? Whence do you draw these partial laws of a powerful and impartial God? Man is immortal; but States are mortal. He has a higher destiny than States. Shall States be less amenable to the great moral laws? Each individual is an atom of the mass. Must not the mass be like the individuals of which it is composed? Shall the mass do what individuals may not do? No. The same moral laws which govern individuals govern masses, as the same laws in nature prevail over large and small, controlling the fall of an apple and the orbits of the planets. It was the beautiful discovery of Newton, that gravity is a universal property of matter, a law obeyed by every particle in reference to every other particle, and connecting the celestial mechanism with terrestrial phenomena. So the *Rule of Right*, which binds the single individual, binds two or three when gathered together—binds conventions and congregations of men—binds villages, towns and cities—binds states, nations and empires—clasps the whole human family in its seven-fold embrace; nay more,

> Beyond the flaming bounds of place and time,
> The living throne, the sapphire blaze,

it binds the angels of Heaven, the Seraphim, full of love, the Cherubim, full of knowledge: above all, it binds, in self-imposed bonds, a just and omnipotent God. It is of this, and not of any earthly law, that Hooker speaks in that magnificent period which sounds like an anthem; "Of law no

less can be said, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in Heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

We are struck with horror and our hair stands on end, at the report of a single murder; we think of the soul that has been hurried to its final account; we seek the murderer; and the law puts forth all its energies to secure his punishment. Viewed in the clear light of truth, what are war and battle but organized murder; murder of malice afore-thought; in cold blood; through the operation of an extensive machinery of crime; with innumerable hands; at incalculable cost of money; through subtle contrivances of cunning and skill; or by the savage brutal assault? Was not the Scythian right, when he said to Alexander, "Thou boastest, that the only design of thy marches is to extirpate robbers; thou thyself art the greatest robber in the world." Among us one class of sea-robbers is hanged as pirates; another is hailed with acclamation:

Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.*

It was amidst the thunders which made Sinai tremble, that God declared; "Thou shalt not kill;" and the voice of these thunders, with this commandment, has been prolonged to our own day in the echoes of Christian churches. What mortal shall restrain the application of these words? Who on earth is empowered to vary or abridge the commandments of God? Who shall presume to declare, that this injunction was directed, not to nations, but to individuals only; not to many but to one only; that one man may not kill, but that many may; that it is forbidden to each individual to destroy the life of a single human being, but that it is not forbidden to a nation to cut off by the sword a whole people?

When shall the St. Louis of the nations arise? the Christian ruler or Christian people, who shall proclaim to the whole earth, that henceforward for ever the *great trial by battle* shall cease; that it is the duty and policy of nations to

* Juvenal, Sat. XIII. 105. The ancient laws of Ina recognize numbers as the only distinction between an army and a band of robbers; "Fures appellamus societatem septem hominum; et septem usque ad XXXV turmam; et deinde esto exercitus."

establish love between each other; and in all respects, at all times, towards all persons, as well their own people, as the people of other lands, to be governed by the sacred rules of right, as between man and man! May God speed the coming of that day!

I have already alluded, in the early part of my remarks, to some of the obstacles to be encountered by the advocate of Peace. One of these is the war-like tone of the literature, by which our minds and opinions are formed. The world has supped so full with battles, that all its inner modes of thought, and many of its rules of conduct seem to be incarnadined with blood; as the bones of swine, fed on madder, are said to become red. But I now pass this by, though a most fruitful theme, and hasten to other topics. I propose to consider in succession, very briefly, some of those influences and prejudices, which are most powerful in keeping alive the delusion of war.

1. One of the most important of these is the prejudice to a certain extent in its favor founded on the *belief in its necessity*. The consciences of all good men condemn it as a crime, a sin; even the soldier, whose profession it is, confesses that it is to be resorted to only in the last necessity. But a benevolent and omnipotent God cannot render it *necessary* to commit a crime. When war is called a necessity, it is meant, of course, that its object cannot be gained in any other way. Now I think that it has already appeared with distinctness, approaching demonstration, that the professed object of war, which is justice between nations, is in no respect promoted by war; that force is not justice, nor in any way conducive to justice; that the eagles of victory can be only the emblems of successful force and not of established right.* Justice can be obtained only by the exercise of the reason and judgment; but these are silent in the din of arms. Justice is without passion; but war lets loose all the worst passions of our nature, while "high arbiter Chance more embroils the fray." The age has passed in which a nation, within the enchanted circle of civilization, will make

* Le recours à la force, soit par le combat judiciaire, soit par la guerre privée, était le mode le plus commun de mettre fin aux procès. *Mais la force n'est pas la justice; les plus grossiers esprits ne les confondent pas long temps.* La nécessité d'un autre système judiciaire, d'un véritable jugement, devint bientôt évidente. *Guizot*, Histoire de la Civilization, Tome IV. 89.

war upon its neighbor, for any professed purpose of booty or vengeance. It does "nought in hate, but all in *honor*." There are professions even of tenderness which mingle with the first mutterings of the dismal strife. Each of the two governments, as if conscience-struck at the abyss into which it is about to plunge, seeks to fix on the other the charge of hostile aggression, and to assume to itself the ground of defending some right; some stolen Texas; some distant, worthless Oregon. Like Pontius Pilate, it vainly washes its hands of innocent blood, and straightway allows a crime at which the whole heavens are darkened, and two kindred countries are severed, as the veil of the Temple was rent in twain.

The various modes, which have been proposed for the determination of disputes between nations, are Negotiation, Arbitration, Mediation, and a Congress of Nations;* all of them practicable and calculated to secure peaceful justice. Let it not be said, then, that war is a *necessity;* and may our country aim at the true glory of taking the lead in the recognition of these, as the only proper modes of determining justice between nations! Such a glory, unlike the earthly fame of battles, shall be immortal as the stars, dropping perpetual light upon the souls of men!

2. Another prejudice in favor of war is founded on *the practice of nations*, past and present. There is no crime or enormity in morals, which may not find the support of human example, often on a most extended scale. But it is not to be urged in our day that we are to look for a standard of duty in the conduct of vain, mistaken, fallible man. It is not in the power of man, by any subtle alchemy, to transmute wrong into right. Because war is according to the practice of the world, it does not follow that it is right. For ages the world worshipped false gods; but these gods were not the less false, because all bowed before them. At this moment the larger portion of mankind are Heathen; but Heathenism is not true. It was once the practice of nations to slaughter prisoners of war; but even the spirit of war recoils now from this bloody sacrifice. In Sparta, theft, instead of being execrated as a crime, was dignified into an art and an accomplishment, and as such admitted into the system of youthful education; and even this debasing practice, established by

* For a sketch of the labors and examples which tend to the establishment of a *System of Arbitration*, or a *Congress of Nations*, see Appendix, Note C.

local feeling, is enlightened, like war, by an instance of unconquerable firmness, which is a barbaric counterfeit of virtue. The Spartan youth, who allowed the fox concealed under his robe to eat into his heart, is an example of mistaken fortitude, not unlike that which we are asked to admire in the soldier. Other illustrations of this character crowd upon the mind; but I will not dwell upon them. We turn with disgust from Spartan cruelty and the wolves of Taygetus; from the awful cannibalism of the Feejee Islands; from the profane rites of innumerable savages; from the crushing Juggernaut; from the Hindoo widow lighting her funeral pyre; from the Indian dancing at the stake. But had not all these, in their respective places and days, like war, the sanction of established usage?

But it is often said, "Let us not be wiser than our fathers." Rather let us try to excel our fathers in wisdom. Let us imitate what in them was good, but let us not bind ourselves, as in the chains of Fate, by their imperfect example. There are principles which are higher than human examples. Examples are to be followed when they accord with the suggestions of duty. But he is unwise and wicked, who attempts to lean upon these, rather than upon those truths, which, like the Everlasting Arm, cannot fail!

In all modesty be it said, we have lived to little purpose, if we are not wiser than the generations that have gone before us. It is the grand distinction of man that he is a progressive being; that his reason at the present day is not merely the reason of a single human being, but that of the whole human race, in all ages from which knowledge has descended, in all lands from which it has been borne away. We are the heirs to an inheritance of knowledge, which has been accumulating from generation to generation. The child is now taught at his mother's knee the orbits of the heavenly bodies,

Where worlds on worlds compose one Universe;

the nature of this globe; the character of the tribes of men by which it is covered, and the geography of nations, all of which were far beyond the ken of the most learned of other days. It is, therefore, true, as has been said, that antiquity is the real infancy of man; it is then that he is immature, ignorant, wayward, childish, selfish, finding his chief happiness in pleasures of sense, all unconscious of the higher delights of knowledge and of love. The animal part of his

nature reigns over his soul, and he is driven on by the gross impulses of force. He seeks contests, war and blood. But we are advanced from the childhood of man; reason and the kindlier virtues of age, repudiating and abhorring force, now bear sway. We are the true Ancients. The single lock on the battered forehead of Old Time is thinner now than when our fathers attempted to grasp it; the hour-glass has been turned often since; the scythe is heavier laden with the work of death.

Let us cease, then, to look for a lamp to our feet, in the feeble tapers that glimmer in the sepulchres of the Past. Rather let us hail those ever-burning lights above, in whose beams is the brightness of noon-day!

3. There is a topic to which I allude with diffidence; but in the spirit of frankness. It is the influence which war, though condemned by Christ, has derived from the *Christian Church.* When Constantine on one of his marches, at the head of his army, beheld the luminous trophy of the cross in the sky right above the meridian sun, inscribed with these words, *By this conquer*, had his soul been penetrated by the true spirit of Him, whose precious symbol it was, he would have found in it no inspiration to the spear and the sword. He would have received the lesson of self-sacrifice, as from the lips of the Saviour, and would have learned that it was not by earthly weapons that any true victory was to be won. The pride of conquest would have been rebuked, and the bauble sceptre of Empire would have fallen from his hands. *By this conquer*; that is, by patience, suffering, forgiveness of evil, by all those virtues of which the cross is the affecting token, *conquer;* and the victory shall be greater than any in the annals of Roman conquest; it may not find a place in the records of man; but it shall appear in the register of everlasting life.

The Christian Church, after the first centuries of its existence, failed to discern the peculiar spiritual beauty of the faith which it professed. Like Constantine, it found new incentives to war in the religion of Peace; and such has been its character, let it be said fearlessly, even to our own day. The Pope of Rome, the asserted head of the church, the Vicegerent of Christ on earth, whose seal is a fisherman, on whose banner is a Lamb before the Holy Cross, assumed the command of armies, often mingling the thunders of bat-

tle with those of the Vatican. The dagger which projected from the sacred vestments of the Archbishop de Retz, as he appeared in the streets of Paris, was called by the people, "the Archbishop's Prayer Book." We read of mitred prelates in armor of proof, and seem still to catch the jingle of the golden spurs of the bishops in the streets of Cologne. The sword of knighthood was consecrated by the church; and priests were often the expert masters in military exercises. I have seen at the gates of the Papal Palace in Rome, a constant guard of Swiss soldiers; I have seen, too, in our own streets a show, as incongruous and as inconsistent, a pastor of a Christian church parading as the chaplain of a military array! Ay! more than this; some of us have heard, within a few short weeks, in a Christian pulpit, from the lips of an eminent Christian divine, a sermon in which we are encouraged to *serve the God of Battles,* and, as citizen soldiers, to fight for Peace;* † a sentiment, which can find no support in the Religion of Him who has expressly enjoined, when one cheek is smitten to turn the other, and to which we listen with pain and mortification from the lips of one, who has voluntarily become a minister of Christian truth; alas! in his mind, inferior to that of the Heathen, who declared that he *preferred the unjustest peace to the justest war.**

And who is the God of Battles! It is Mars; man-slaying, blood-polluted, city-smiting Mars! † Him we cannot adore. It is not He who binds the sweet influences of the

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* Deo imperante, *quem adesse bellantibus credunt,* are the appropriate words of astonishment by which Tacitus describes the barbarous superstition of the ancient Germans.—*De Moribus, Germ.* § 7 It was afterwards on the German soil, that Frederick of Prussia said that he always found the God of Battles to be on the side of the strongest regiments. When it was proposed to him to adopt as an inscription for his banner, that was soon to flout the sky of Silesia, "For God and Country," he rejected the first words—saying it was not proper to introduce the name of the Deity in the quarrels of men.

† Lord Abington said, May 30th, 1794, in the House of Lords; *"The best road to Peace, my Lords, is War;* and War carried on in the same manner in which we are taught to worship our Creator, namely, with all our souls, with all our minds, with all our hearts and with all our strength!"

‡ *Iniquissimam pacem, justissimo bello antefero,* are the words of Cicero. Only eight days after Franklin had placed his name to the Treaty of Peace, which acknowledged the Independence of his country, he wrote to a friend; "may we never see another war, for, in my opinion, there never was a good war, nor a bad peace." It was with great reluctance, that I here seemed to depart for a moment from so great a theme to allude to any person; but the person and the theme here become united. I cannot refrain from the effort to tear this iron branch of War from the golden tree of Christian truth, even though a voice come forth from the breaking bough. For a few observations on Dr. Vinton's Sermon, see Appendix, notes A. and B.

Ὃ Ἄρες, Ἄρες, βροτολοιγὲ μιαιφόνε, τειχεσιπλῆτα. Il. V. 31.

Pleiades, and looses the bands of Orion; who causes the sun to shine on the just and the unjust; who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; who distils the oil of gladness upon every upright heart; the fountain of Mercy and Goodness, the God of Justice and Love. The God of Battles is not the God of Christians; to him can ascend none of the prayers of Christian thanksgiving; for him there can be no words of worship in Christian temples; no swelling anthem to peal the note of praise.

There is now floating in this harbor a ship of the line of our country. Many of you have, perhaps, pressed its deck, and observed with admiration the completeness which prevails in all its parts; its lithe masts and complex net-work of ropes; its thick wooden walls, within which are more than the soldiers of Ulysses; its strong defences, and its numerous dread and rude-throated engines of war. There each Sabbath, amidst this armament of blood, while the wave comes gently plashing against the frowning sides, from a pulpit supported by a cannon, or by the side of a cannon, in repose now, but ready to awake its dormant thunder, charged with death, a Christian preacher addresses the officers and crew! May his instructions carry strength and succor to their souls! But he cannot pronounce in such a place, those highest words of the Master he professes, "Blessed are the Peace-makers;" "Love your Enemies;" "Render not evil for evil." Like Macbeth's "Amen," they must stick in his throat.

It cannot be doubted that this strange and unblessed conjunction of the clergy with war, has had no little influence in blinding the world to the truth now beginning to be recognized, that *Christianity forbids war in all cases.*

Individual interests are mixed up with prevailing errors, and are concerned in maintaining them to such an extent, that it is not surprising that military men yield reluctantly to this truth. They are naturally in this matter, like lawyers, according to Voltaire, "the conservators of ancient barbarous usages;" but that these usages should obtain countenance in the Christian church is one of those anomalies, which make us feel the weakness of our nature and the elevation of Christian truth. It is important to observe, as an unanswerable fact of history, that for some time after the Apostles, while the lamp of Christianity burnt pure and bright, not only the Fathers of the church held it unlawful for Christians to bear arms, but those who came within its pale,

abstained from the use of arms, although at the cost of their lives. Marcellus the Centurion, threw down his military belt at the head of the legion, and in the face of the standards declared with a loud voice, *that he would no longer serve in the army, for he had become a Christian;* and many others followed his example. It was not until Christianity became corrupted, that its followers became soldiers, and its priests learned to minister at the altar of the God of Battles.*

> Thee to defend the Moloch priest prefers
> The prayer of Hate, and bellows to the herd
> That Deity, accomplice Deity,
> In the fierce jealousy of waked wrath
> Will go forth with our armies and our fleets
> To scatter the red ruin on their foes!
> O blasphemy! to mingle fiendish deeds
> With blessedness! †

A motion has been brought forward in Congress, to dispense with the services of chaplains in the army and navy, mainly on account of the incompatibility between the principles of the Gospel and the practice of War. It is to be hoped that what God has placed so far asunder, may no longer be joined together by man. If chaplains are to be employed, it should be to preach the religion they profess as to the Heathen, and not to offer incense to the idol of war.

When will Christian ministers look for their faith, not to the ideas, opinions and practices of the people by whom they are surrounded, but to the written words of the texts from which they preach? It has been said of a monarch of England that he "read Gospel truth in Anna Boleyn's eyes." Not less hyperbolical and impossible is their discernment who can find in the flashing bayonet, any token of Peace, any illumination of Christian Love. That truly great man, the beloved Channing, whose spirit speaks to us from no sceptered urn, but from that sweet grassy bed at Mount Auburn, says: "When I think of duelling and war in the Christian world, and then of the superiority to the world and the unbounded love and forbearance which characterize

* This subject, so interesting to the student of history, and to the conscientious inquirer into the true signification of the Gospel, has been treated with fullness and learning by Mr. Clarkson in his *Essay on the Doctrines and Practice of the Early Christians as they relate to war.* Mr. Jay, in his recent address before the Peace Society, justly charges the Christian Church "with awful delinquencies on the subject of war, and directs the attention of her members to the duty of repentance and reformation." He sustains the charge by numerous illustrations of the conduct of the clergy, through a succession of ages, but particularly in our own day. He finds the English Episcopal Church peculiarly reprehensible; and his testimony on this point is of special authority, from his known eminence as a lay member of the sister Church in the United States.

† Religious Musings by Coleridge, written Christmas Eve of 1794.

our religion, I am struck with the little progress which Christianity has as yet made."

One of the beautiful pictures, adorning the dome of a Church in Rome, by that master of art, whose immortal colors breathe as with the voice of a Poet, the Divine Raffaelle, represents Mars, in the attitude of war, with a drawn sword uplifted and ready to strike while an unarmed Angel from behind, with gentle but irresistible force, arrests and holds the descending arm. Such is the true image of Christian duty; nor can I readily perceive the difference in principle between those ministers of the Gospel, who themselves gird on the sword, as in the olden time, and those others, who, unarmed, and in customary suit of solemn black, lend the sanction of their presence to the martial array, or to any form of preparation for war. The drummer, who pleaded that he did not fight, was held more responsible for the battle than the mere soldier; for it was the sound of his drum that inflamed the flagging courage of the troops.

4. From the prejudices engendered by the Church, I pass to the prejudices engendered by the army itself; prejudices having their immediate origin more particularly in military life, but unfortunately diffusing themselves, in widening though less apparent circles, throughout the community. I allude directly to what is called the *point of honor*, early child of chivalry, the living representative in our day of an age of barbarism. It is difficult to define what is so evanescent, so impalpable, so chimerical, so unreal; and yet which exercises such power over many men, and controls the relations of states. As a little water, which has fallen into the crevice of a rock, under the congelation of winter, swells till it burst the thick and stony fibres; so a word, or a slender act, dropping into the heart of man, under the hardening influence of this pernicious sentiment, dilates till it rends in pieces the sacred depository of human affections, while Hate and the demon Strife, no longer restrained, are let loose abroad. The musing Hamlet saw the strange and unnatural power of this sentiment, when his soul pictured to his contemplations

> —— the army of such mass and charge,
> Led by a delicate and tender prince
> Exposing what is mortal and unsure
> To all that fortune, death and danger, dare
> *Even for an egg-shell;*

and when he says, with a point which has given to this sentiment its strongest and most popular expression,

> ———Rightly to be great
> Is not to stir without great argument;
> *But greatly to find quarrel in a straw*
> *When honor's at the stake.*

And when is honor at stake? This question opens again the views with which I commenced, and with which I hope to close this discourse. Honor can only be at stake, where justice and happiness are at stake; it can never depend on an egg-shell, or a straw; it can never depend on an impotent word of anger or folly, not even if that word be followed by a blow. In fine, true honor is to be found in the highest moral and intellectual excellence, in the dignity of the human soul, in its nearest approach to those qualities which we reverence as the attributes of God. Our community frowns with indignation upon the profaneness of the duel, which has its rise in this irrational point of honor. But are they aware that they themselves indulge the sentiment, on a gigantic scale, when they recognize what is called the *honor* of the country, as a proper ground for war? We have already seen that justice is in no respect promoted by war? Is true honor promoted where justice is not?

But the very word honor, as used by the world, does not express any elevated sentiment. How infinitely below the sentiment of duty! It is a word of easy virtue, that has been prostituted to the most opposite characters and transactions. From the field of Pavia, where France suffered one of the greatest reverses in her annals, Francis writes to his mother; "all is lost except *honor.*" At a later day, the renowned cook, the grand Vatel, in a paroxysm of grief and mortification at the failure of two dishes expected on the table, exclaimed, "I have lost my *honor.*"* Montesquieu, whose

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* Accablé d'embarras, Vatel est averti
Que deux tables en vain réclamaient leur rôti;
Il prend pour en trouver une peine inutile.
"Ah!" dit-il, s'adressant à son ami Gourville,
De larmes, de sanglots, de douleur suffoqué,
"*Je suis perdu d'honneur, deux rôtis ont manqués!*"
Berchoux.

This scene is also described, with the accustomed coldness and brilliancy of her fashionable pen, by Madame de Sévigné, (Lettres L and LI, Tom. I. pp. 164, 168.) In the same place she recounts the death of this culinary martyr. Disappointed by the failure of the purveyors to arrive with the turbots for an entertainment in proper season, he withdrew to his chamber, where he placed his sword against the door, and stabbed himself to the heart, but it was not until the third blow, after giving himself two not mortal, that he fell dead. "The fish now arrives from all quarters, they seek Vatel to distribute it; they go to

writings are a constellation of epigrams, places it in direct contrast with virtue. He represents what he calls the prejudice of honor as the animating principle of monarchy, while virtue is that of a republic, saying that in well governed monarchies almost every body will be a good citizen, but it will be rare to meet with a really good man.* By an instinct that points to the truth, we do not apply this term to the high columnar virtues which sustain and decorate life, to parental affection, to justice, to the attributes of God. We do not speak of an honorable father, an honorable mother, an honorable judge, an honorable angel, an honorable God. In such sacred connections we feel, beyond the force of any argument, the vulgar and debasing character of the sentiment to which it refers.

The degrading rule of honor is founded in the supposed necessity of resenting by force, a supposed injury, whether by word or act.† But suppose such an injury is received, sullying, as is falsely imagined, the character; is it wiped away by a resort to force, by descending to the brutal level of its author? "Could I have wiped your blood from my conscience as easily as I can this insult from my face," said a Marshal of France, greater on this occasion than on any field of fame, "I would have laid you dead at my feet." It is Plato, reporting the angelic wisdom of Socrates, who declares in one of those beautiful dialogues, which shine with stellar light across the ages, that *it is more shameful to do a*

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his room, they knock, they force open the door; he is found bathed in blood. They hasten to tell the Prince, [the *great* Condé] who is in despair; the Duke wept; it was on Vatel that his journey from Burgundy hinged. The Prince related what had passed to the King, with marks of the deepest sorrow. *It was attributed to the high sense of honor which he had after his own way* (on dit que c'êtoit a force d'avoir de l'honneur à sa manière.) He was highly commended; his courage was praised and blamed at the same time" The Epistle Dedicatory prefixed to the concluding volume of the *Almanac des Gourmands*, addressing the shade of Vatel, says; "So noble a death secures you, venerable shade, the most glorious immortality! You have proved that *the fanaticism of honor* can exist in the kitchen as well as the camp, and that the spit and saucepan have also their Catos and their Deciuses." "Enfin," are the words of a French Vaudeville, "Manette, voila ce que c'etoit que Madame de Sévigné, et Vatel, ce sont les gens la qui ont *honoré* le siecle de Louis Quatorze." See London Quarterly Rev. Vol. 54. p. 122.

* Montesquieu, Esprit des Louis, Liv. 3. cap. 5, 6, 7.

† *Don Pedre.* Souhaitez-vous quelque chose de moi?

Hali. Oui, un conseil sur *un fait d'honneur.* Je sais qu'en ces matieres il est mal-aise de trouver un cavalier plus consommé que vous.

Seigneur, *j'ai recu un soufflet.* Vous savez ce qu'est un soufflet, lorsqu'il se donne à main ouverte sur le beau milieu de la joue. *J'ai ce soufflet fort sur le coeur; et je suis dans l'incertitude si, pour me venger de l'affront, je dois me battre avec mon homme, ou bien le faire assassiner.*

Don Pedre. Assassiner c'est le plus sur et le plus court chemin.—*Moliere, Le Sicilien, Sc.* 13.

*wrong than to receive a wrong.** And this benign sentiment commends itself, alike to the Christian, who is told to render good for evil, and to the universal heart of man. But who that confesses its truth, can vindicate a resort to force, for the sake of honor? Better far to receive the blow that a false morality has thought degrading, than that it should be revenged by force. Better that a nation should submit to what is wrong, rather than vainly seek to maintain its honor by the great crime of war.

It seems that in ancient Athens, as in unchristianized Christian lands, there were sophists, who urged that *to suffer* was unbecoming a man, and would draw down upon him incalculable evils. The following passage will show the manner in which the moral cowardice of these persons of little faith was rebuked by him, whom the Gods pronounced wisest of men: "These things being so, let us inquire what it is you reproach me with; whether it is well said, or not, that I, forsooth, am not able to assist either myself, or any of my friends or my relations, or to save them from the greatest dangers; but that, like the outlaws, I am at the mercy of any one, who may choose to smite me on the temple—and this was the strong point in your argument—or to take away my property, or to drive me out of the city, or (to take the extreme case) to kill me; now, according to your argument, to be so situated is the most shameful thing of all. But my view is—a view many times expressed already, but there is no objection to its being stated again:—*my view, I say, is, O Callicles, that to be struck unjustly on the temple is not most shameful, nor to have my body mutilated, nor my purse cut; but to strike me and mine unjustly, and to mutilate me and to cut my purse is more shameful and worse; and stealing too, and enslaving, and housebreaking, and in general, doing any wrong whatever to me and mine is more shameful and worse for him who does the wrong, than for me who suffer it.* These things, thus established in the former arguments, as I maintain, are secured and bound, even if the expression be somewhat too rustical, with iron and adamantine arguments, and unless you, or some one more vigorous than you, can break them, it is impossible for any one, speaking otherwise than I now speak, to speak well: since, for my part, *I always have the same thing to say, that I know not*

* This proposition is enforced by Socrates with admirable and unanswerable reasoning and illustration, throughout the whole of the Gorgias.

how these things are, but that of all whom I have ever discoursed with as now, not one is able to say otherwise without being ridiculous." Such is the wisdom of Socrates.*

But the modern point of honor does not find a place in warlike antiquity. Themistocles at Salamis did not send a cartel to the Spartan commander, when threatened by a blow. "Strike, but hear," was the response of that firm nature, which felt that true honor was to be gained only in the performance of duty. It was in the depths of modern barbarism, in the age of chivalry, that this sentiment shot up in the wildest and most exuberant fancies; not a step was taken without reference to it; no act was done which had not some point tending to "the bewitching duel," and every stage in the combat, from the ceremonies of its beginning to its deadly close, were measured by this fantastic law.† The Chevalier Bayard, the cynosure of chivalry, the knight without fear and without reproach, in a contest with the Spaniard Don Alonzo de Soto Mayor, by a feint struck him such a blow in the throat, that despite the gorget, the weapon penetrated four fingers deep. The wounded Spaniard grasped his adversary, and, struggling with him, they both rolled on the ground, when Bayard, drawing his dagger, and thrusting its point in the nostrils of the Spaniard, exclaimed, "Senor Alonzo, surrender, or you are a dead man!" A speech which appeared superfluous, as Don Diego de Guignones, his second, exclaimed, "Senor Bayard, he is dead; you have conquered." Bayard, says the chronicler, would have given one hundred thousand crowns to spare his life; but, he now fell upon his knees, kissed the ground three times and then dragged his dead enemy out of the camp, saying to the second of his fallen foe, "Senor Don Diego, have I done enough?" To which the other piteously replied, "too much, Senor, for the *honor* of Spain!" when Bayard very generously presented him with the corpse, although it was his right, by the laws of *honor*, to do whatever he thought

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* Gorgias, Cap. LXIV. It appears that Cicero read the Gorgias diligently at Athens; but his admiration was bestowed chiefly upon its distinguished rhetorical excellence. (De Oratore, I. 11.) If his soul had been penetrated by its sublime morality, he could never have written; Fortes igitur et magnanimi sunt habendi, non, qui faciunt, *sed qui propulsant injuriam.* De offic. Lib. I. cap. 19. This is an instance of the fickle eclectic philosophy of the great Roman, which renders his writings so uncertain a rule of conduct.

† Nobody can forget the humorous picture of the progress of a quarrel to a duel, through the seven degrees of Touchstone in *As You Like It.* Act. 5, Scene 4.

proper with it; an act which is highly commended by Brantome, who thinks it difficult to say which did him most *honor*—not having ignominiously dragged the body like the carcass of a dog by a leg out of the field, or having condescended to fight while laboring under an ague! *

If such a transaction conferred honor on the brightest son of chivalry, we may understand therefrom something of the real character of that age, the departure of which has been lamented with such touching but inappropriate eloquence. Do not condescend to draw a great rule of conduct from such a period. Let the point of honor stay with the daggers, the swords and the weapons of combat, by which it was guarded; let it appear only with its inseparable companions, the bowie-knife, and the pistol!

Be ours a standard of conduct derived, not from the degradation of our nature, though it affects the semblance of sensibility and refinement, but having its sources in the loftiest attributes of man, in truth, in justice, in duty; and may this standard, which governs our relations to each other, be recognized among the nations! When shall we behold the dawning of that happy day, harbinger of infinite happiness beyond, in which nations shall feel that it is better to receive a wrong than to do a wrong.

Apply this principle to our relations with England at this moment. Suppose that proud monarchy, refusing all submission to negotiation or arbitration, should absorb the whole Territory of Oregon into her own overgrown dominions, and add, at the mouth of the Columbia River, a new morning drum-beat to the national airs with which she has encircled the earth, who, then, is in the attitude of the truest honor, England, who has appropriated, by an unjust act, what is not her own, or the United States, the victim of the injustice? †

5. There is still another influence which stimulates war, and interferes with the natural attractions of Peace; I refer to a selfish and exaggerated *love of country*, leading to its physical aggrandizement, and the strengthening of its institu-

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* Millingen on Duels, I. 81, 82.

† If this view needs any confirmation in the minds of just and reasonable men, having a true regard for the happiness and real greatness of their country, it may be found in the clear and weighty reasoning of President Wayland on War, in his *Elements of Morals*, which is in such harmony with the great truths sustained throughout this Oration that I have taken the liberty to transfer some pages of it to the Appendix, Note E.

tions at the expense of other countries. Our minds, nursed by the literature of antiquity, have imbibed the narrow sentiment of heathen patriotism.* Exclusive love for the land of birth was a part of the religion of Greece and Rome. It is an indication of the lowness of their moral nature, that this sentiment was so exclusive, and so material in its character. The Oracle directed the returning Roman to kiss his mother, and he kissed the Mother Earth. Agamemnon, on regaining his home after a perilous separation of more than ten years at the siege of Troy, before addressing his family, his friends, his countrymen, first salutes Argos:

> By your leave, Lords, first Argos I salute.†

The school-boy cannot forget the cry of the victim of Verres, which was to stay the descending fasces of the lictor, "I am a Roman citizen;" nor those other words sounding in the dark Past, "How sweet it is to die for one's country!" The Christian cry did not rise, "I am a man;" the Christian ejaculation did not swell the soul, "How sweet it is to die for duty!" The beautiful genius of Cicero, at times instinct with truth almost divine, did not ascend to that highest heaven, where is taught, that all mankind are neighbors and kindred, and that the relations of fellow-countryman are less holy than those of fellow-man. To the love of universal man may be applied those words by which the great Roman elevated his selfish patriotism to a virtue, when he said that *country alone embraced all the charities of all.*‡ Attach this

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* The legislation of Rome, which has exercised such an influence over mankind, was inspired by selfishness. Self was at the foundation of all rights. Property was held under rigorous and exclusive laws, which knew nothing of the spirit of accommodation, or of good neighborhood. There were no common partition walls; but houses stood apart (*insulæ*), to avoid all contact which could be only hostile. In domestic life, the head of the family (*pater familias*) was a despot. He held for a long time, the right of life and death over his wife and children; having no obligations towards them, but only rights over them. This great power was not given for the benefit of the children; securing to them a guardian in their immature years, but selfishly, unnaturally, for the exclusive benefit of the father, to whom belonged all the acquisitions of the son. We may well suspect any principle of duty, public or private, which has its rise in fountains so strongly impregnated with the iron of the soil. For an interesting view of the true character of the Roman Law, see Kleimrath, Travaux sur l'Histoire de droit Français, Tom. I, 39.

† Agamemnon of Æschylus; translated by Symmons, p. 73. Cato in a didactic work, says to the farmer on his return home, *Primum Larem salutato.*

‡ Sed quum omnia ratione, animoque lustraris, omnium societatum nulla est gravior, nulla carior, quam ea, quæ cum republica est unicuique nostrum. Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares; sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est; pro qua quis bonus dubitet mortem oppetere, si ei sit profuturus? De Offic. Lib. I, Cap. 17, § 57. It is curious to observe how Cicero puts aside that expression of true Humanity, which fell from Terence, *Humani nihil a*

admired phrase for a moment to the single idea of country, and you will see how contracted are its charities compared with the world-wide circle of Christian love, whose neighbor is the suffering man, though at the farthest pole. Such a sentiment would dry up those fountains of benevolence, which now diffuse themselves in precious waters in distant unenlightened lands, bearing the blessings of truth to the icy mountains of Greenland, and the coral islands of the Pacific sea.

It has been a part of the policy of rulers, to encourage this exclusive patriotism; and the people of modern times have each inherited the feeling of Antiquity. I do not know that any one nation is in a condition to reproach the other with this patriotic selfishness. All are selfish. Among us, the sentiment has become active, while it has derived new force from the point with which it has been expressed. An officer of our Navy, one of the so called heroes nurtured by war, whose name has been praised in churches, has gone beyond all Greek, all Roman example. "Our country, *be she right or wrong*," was his exclamation; a sentiment dethroning God and enthroning the devil, whose flagitious character should be rebuked by every honest heart.* "Our country, our whole country, and *nothing but our country*," are other words, which have often been painted on banners, and echoed by the voices of innumerable multitudes. Cold and dreary, narrow and selfish, would be this life, if *nothing but our country* occupied our souls; if the thoughts that wander through eternity, if the infinite affections of our nature, were restrained to that spot of earth where we have been placed by the accident of birth.

I do not inculcate an indifference to country. We incline,

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me alienum puto. He says, Est enim difficilis cura rerum alienarum. De Offic. Lib. 1, Cap. 9. Since the delivery of this Oration, I have met the following opportune testimony to the truth of the text, in the journals and opinions of the late Blanco White, one of the most ingenuous and conscientious characters of the age. "Would you have a clear, practical conception of Virtue? Study the early, the mythic history of Rome, and try to sympathize with her heroes,—those men who lived only for the State; who appear to have lost their own personality, and to have identified themselves with the republic. Having done this, reflect upon the incompleteness (and we may well say, absurdity) of limiting our moral relations to any portion of the whole mass of mankind, and embrace the immovable conviction, on this point, that every individual man belongs to the whole race or, more properly speaking, to the Universe, more truly than Roman patriots conceived themselves to belong to the State. And now you will have obtained the true idea of *national* real virtue, if you conceive your duties to God and his creation to be exactly analogous to those of those ancient heroes." Blanco White's Journals and Correspondence, Vol. II. pp. 299, 300, 301.

* Unlike this is what has been said of the virtuous Andrew Fletcher, in the days of the English Revolution of 1688, who "would lose his life to *serve* his country, but would not do a base thing to *save* it." Mackintosh, Eth. Philosophy.

by a natural sentiment, to the spot where we were born, to the fields which witnessed the sports of childhood, to the seat of youthful studies, and to the institutions under which we have been trained. The finger of God writes in indelible colors all these things upon the heart of man, so that in the dread extremities of death, he reverts in fondness to early associations, and longs for a draught of cold water from the bucket in his father's well. This sentiment is independent of reflection, for it begins before reflection, grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. It is blind in its nature; and it is the duty of each of us to take care that it does not absorb the whole character.* In the moral night which has enveloped the world, each nation, thus far, has lived ignorant and careless, to much extent, of the interests of others, which it imperfectly saw; but this thick darkness has now been scattered, and we begin to discern, all gilded by the beams of morning, the distant mountain-peaks of other lands. We find that God has not placed us on this earth alone; that there are other nations, equally with us, children of his protecting care.

The curious spirit goes further, and while it recognizes an inborn sentiment of attachment to the place of birth, inquires into the nature of the allegiance which is due to the State. The old idea, still too much received, is, that man is made for the State, and not the State for man. Far otherwise is the truth. The State is an artificial body, intended for the security of the people. How constantly do we find, in human history, that the people have been sacrificed for the State; to build the Roman name, to secure to England the trident of the sea. This is to sacrifice the greater for the less; for the fleeting possessions of earth to barter the immortal soul. Let it be remembered that the State is not worth preserving at the cost of the lives and happiness of the people.

It is not that I love country less, but Humanity more, that now, on this National Anniversary, I plead the cause of a higher and truer patriotism. Remember that you are men, by a more sacred bond than you are citizens; that you are children of a common Father more than you are Americans.

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* "When any natural propensity is consecrated into a virtue, the greatest evils ensue. Patriotism is an instance of this. We are naturally led to give undue importance to ourselves; this, when the individual is clearly the object of his own feeling, is called *selfishness*. But when under the name of patriotism, each individual indulges himself in vanity, in pride, in ambition, in cruelty, and yet does it as an Englishman, a Frenchman, as a Spaniard [he might have added as an American], all these vices are reckoned virtues."—Life of Blanco White, Vol. II. p. 6.

Viewing, then, the different people on the globe, as all deriving their blood from a common source, and separated only by the accident of mountains, rivers and seas, into those distinctions around which cluster the associations of country, we must regard all the children of the earth as members of the great human family. Discord in this family is treason to God; while all war is nothing else than *civil* war. It will be in vain that we restrain this odious term, importing so much of horror, to the petty dissensions of a single State. It belongs as justly to the feuds between nations. The soul stands aghast, as we contemplate fields drenched in fraternal gore, where the happiness of homes has been shivered by the unfriendly arms of neighbors, and where kinsmen have sunk beneath the cold steel that was nerved by a kinsman's hand. This is civil war, which stands for ever accursed in the calendar of time. But the Muse of History, in the faithful record of the future transactions of nations, inspired by a new and loftier justice, and touched to finer sensibilities, shall extend to the general sorrows of Universal Man the sympathy which has been profusely shed for the selfish sorrow of country, and shall pronounce *all war to be civil war, and the partakers in it as traitors to God and enemies to man.*

6. I might here pause, feeling that those of my hearers who have kindly accompanied me to this stage, would be ready to join in the condemnation of war, and hail peace, as the only condition becoming the dignity of human nature, and in which true greatness can be achieved. But there is still one more consideration, which yields to none of the others in importance; perhaps it is more important than all. It is at once cause and effect; the cause of much of the feeling in favor of war, and the effect of this feeling. I refer to the costly *preparations* for war, in time of peace.

I do not propose to dwell upon the immense cost of war itself. That will be present to the minds of all in the mountainous accumulations of debt, piled like Ossa upon Pelion, with which Europe is pressed to the earth. According to the most recent tables to which I have had access, the public debt of the different European States, so far as it is known, amounts to the terrific sum of $6,387,000,000, all of this the growth of War! It is said that there are throughout these states, 17,900,000 paupers, or persons subsisting at the expense of the country, without contributing to its resources. If these millions of the public debt, forming only

a part of what has been wasted in war, could be apportioned among these poor, it would give to each of them $375, a sum which would place all above want, and which is about equal to the average value of the property of each inhabitant of Massachusetts.

The public debt of Great Britain amounted in 1839 to $4,265,000,000, all of this the growth of War since 1688! This amount is about equal to the sum total, according to the calculations of Humboldt, of all the treasures which have been reaped from the harvest of gold and silver in the mines of Spanish America, including Mexico and Peru, since the first discovery of our hemisphere by Christopher Columbus! It is much larger than the amount of all the precious metals, which at this moment form the circulating medium of the world! It is said rashly by some persons, who have given little attention to this subject, that all this expenditure was good for the people; but these persons do not bear in mind that it was not bestowed on any *useful* object. It was wasted. The aggregate capital of all the joint stock companies in England, of which there was any known record in 1842, embracing canals, docks, bridges, insurance companies, banks, gas-lights, water, mines, railways, and other miscellaneous objects, was about $835,000,000; a sum which has been devoted to the welfare of the people, but how infinitely less in amount than the War Debt! For the six years ending in 1836, the average payment for the interest on this debt was about $140,000,000 annually. If we add to this sum, $60,000,000 during this same period paid annually to the army, navy and ordnance, we shall have $200,000,000 as the annual tax of the English people, to pay for former wars and to prepare for new. During this same period there was an annual appropriation of only $20,000,000 for all the civil purposes of the government. It thus appears that *War* absorbed ninety cents of every dollar that was pressed by heavy taxation from the English people, who almost seem to sweat blood! What fabulous monster, or chimera dire, ever raged with a maw so ravenous! The remaining ten cents sufficed to maintain the splendor of the throne, the administration of justice, and the diplomatic relations with foreign powers, in short all the proper objects of a Christian State.*

* I have here relied upon McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary; The Edinburgh Geography, founded on the works of Malte Brun and Balbi; and the calculations of Mr. Jay in *Peace and War*, p. 16, and in his Address before the Peace Society, pp. 28, 29.

Let us now look exclusively at the *preparations for war in time of peace.* It is one of the miseries of war that, even in peace, its evils continue to be felt by the world, beyond any other evils by which poor suffering humanity is oppressed. If Bellona withdraws from the field, we only lose the sight of her flaming torches; the bay of her dogs is heard on the mountains, and civilized man thinks to find protection from their sudden fury, only by enclosing himself in the defences of war. At this moment the Christian nations, worshipping a symbol of common brotherhood, live as in entrenched camps, in which they keep armed watch, to prevent surprise from each other.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to arrive at any exact estimate of the cost of these preparations, ranging under four different heads; the standing army; the navy; the fortifications, and ordnance; and the militia or irregular troops.

The number of soldiers now keeping the peace of European Christendom, as a *standing army*, without counting the Navy, is upwards of two millions. Some estimates place it as high as three millions.* The army of Great Britain exceeds 300,000 men; that of France 350,000; that of Russia 730,000, and is reckoned by some as high as 1,000,000; that of Austria about 275,000; that of Prussia 150,000. Taking the smaller number, suppose these two millions to require for their annual support an average sum of only $150 each, the result would be $300,000,000, for their sustenance alone; and reckoning one officer to ten soldiers, and allowing to each of the latter an English shilling a day, or $87 a year, for wages, and to the former an average salary of $500 a year, we should have for the pay of the whole no less than $256,000,000, or an appalling sum total for both sustenance and pay of $556,000,000. If the same calculation be made, supposing the forces to amount to three millions, the sum total will be $835,000,000! But to this enormous sum another still more enormous must be added on account of the loss sustained by the withdrawal of two millions of hardy, healthy men, in the bloom of life, from useful, productive labor. It has been supposed that it costs an

* I have here relied upon the Edinburgh Geography, founded on the works of Malte Brun and Balbi, which makes the standing army of the European Powers upwards of two millions. The tract on the *Waste of Property by War*, which illustrates this subject by many important statistics, makes it upward of three millions. The annual expense of supporting a soldier differs in different countries. In Austria it is about $130; in France $146; in Prussia nearly $200, and in England still greater.

average of $500 to rear a soldier; and that the value of his labor if devoted to useful objects would be $150 a year. The Christian Powers, therefore, in setting apart two millions of men, as soldiers, sustain a loss of $1,000,000,000 on account of their training; and $300,000,000 annually, on account of their labor. So much for the cost of the standing army of European Christendom in time of Peace.

Glance now at the *Navy* of European Christendom. The Royal Navy of Great Britain consists at present of 556 ships of all classes; but deducting such as are used as convict ships, floating chapels, coal depots, the efficient navy consists of 88 sail of the line; 109 frigates; 190 small frigates, corvettes, brigs and cutters, including packets; 65 steamers of various sizes; 3 troop-ships and yachts; in all 455 ships. Of these there were in commission in July, 1839, 190 ships, carrying in all 4,202 guns. The number of hands employed in 1839, was 34,465. The Navy of France, though not comparable in size with that of England, is of vast force. By royal ordinance of 1st January, 1837, it was fixed in time of peace at 40 ships of the line, 50 frigates, 40 steamers, and 190 smaller vessels; and the amount of crews in 1839, was 20,317 men. The Russian Navy consists of two large fleets in the Gulf of Finland and the Black Sea; but the exact amount of their force and their available resources has been a subject of dispute amongst naval men and politicians. Some idea may be formed of the size of the navy from the number of hands employed. The crews of the Baltic fleet amounted in 1837, to not less than 30,800 men; and those of the fleet in the Black Sea to 19,800, or altogether 50,600. The Austrian Navy consisted in 1837, of 8 ships of the line, 8 frigates, 4 sloops, 6 brigs, 7 schooners or galleys, and a number of smaller vessels; the number of men in its service in 1839, was 4,547. The Navy of Denmark consisted at the close of 1837 of 7 ships of the line, 7 frigates, 5 sloops, 6 brigs, 3 schooners, 5 cutters, 58 gun-boats, 6 gun-rafts, and 3 bomb vessels, requiring about 6,500 men to man them. The Navy of Sweden and Norway consisted recently of 238 gun-boats, 11 ships of the line, 8 frigates, 4 corvettes, 6 brigs, with several smaller vessels. The Navy of Greece consists of 32 ships of war, carrying 190 guns, and 2,400 men. The Navy of Holland in 1839 consisted of 8 ships of the line, 21 frigates,

15 corvettes, 21 brigs, and 95 gun-boats.* It is impossible to give any accurate idea of the immense cost of all these mighty preparations for war. It is melancholy to contemplate such gigantic means, applied by European Christendom to the erection of these superfluous wooden walls in time of Peace!

In the *fortifications and arsenals* of Europe, crowning every height, commanding every valley, and frowning over every plain and every sea, wealth has been sunk which is beyond calculation. Who can tell the immense sums that have been expended in hollowing out, for the purposes of defence, the living rock of Gibraltar? Who can calculate the cost of all the preparations at Woolwich, its 27,000 cannons, and its hundreds of thousands of small arms? France alone contains upwards of one hundred and twenty fortified places. And it is supposed that the yet unfinished fortifications of Paris have cost upwards of *fifty millions of dollars!*

The cost of the *militia* or irregular troops, the Yeomanry of England, the National Guards of Paris, and the *Landwehr* and *Landsturm* of Prussia, must add other incalculable sums to these enormous amounts.

Turn now to the *United States*, separated by a broad ocean from immediate contact with the great powers of Christendom, bound by treaties of amity and commerce with all the nations of the earth; connected with all by the strong ties of mutual interest; and professing a devotion to the principles of Peace. Are the Treaties of Amity mere words? Are the relations of commerce and mutual interest mere things of a day? Are the professions of Peace vain? Else why not repose in quiet unvexed by preparations for war?

Enormous as are the expenses of this character in Europe, those in our country are still greater in proportion to the other expenditures of the Federal Government.

It appears that the average expenditures of the Federal Government for the six years ending with 1840, exclusive of payments on account of debt, were $26,474,892; of this sum, the average appropriation each year for military and naval purposes amounted to $21,328,903, being eighty per cent. of the whole amount! Yes; of all the income which was received by the Federal Government, eighty cents in every dollar was applied in this useless way. The remaining

* I have drawn these details from the Edinburgh Geography; and from McCulloch's Dictionary of Geography.

twenty cents sufficed to maintain the Government, the administration of justice, our relations with foreign nations, the light-houses which shed their cheerful signals over the rough waves which beat upon our long and indented coast, from the Bay of Fundy to the mouth of the Mississippi. Let us observe the relative expenditures of the United States, in the scale of the nations, for military preparations, in time of Peace, exclusive of payments on account of the debts. These expenditures are in proportion to the whole expenditure of Government;

In Austria, as 33 per cent.,
In France, as 38 per cent.,
In Prussia, as 44 per cent.,
In Great Britain as 74 per cent.,
In the UNITED STATES, as 80 per cent! *

To these superfluous expenditures of the Federal Government, are to be added the still larger and equally superfluous expenses of the militia throughout the country, which have been placed at $50,000,000 a year! †

By a table ‡ of the expenditures of the United States, exclusive of payments on account of the Public Debt, it appears, that, in the fifty-three years from the formation of our present Government, in 1789 down to 1843, there have been $246,620,055 spent for civil purposes, comprehending the expenses of the executive, the legislative, the judiciary, the post office, light houses, and intercourse with foreign governments. During this same period there have been $368,526,594 devoted to the military establishment, and $170,437,684 to the naval establishment; the two, forming an aggregate of $538,964,278. Deducting from this sum the appropriations during three years of war, and we shall find that more than *four hundred millions* were absorbed by vain preparations in time of peace for war. Add to this amount a moderate sum for the expenses of the militia during the same period, which a candid and able writer places at present at $50,000,000 a year; for the past years we may take an average of $25,000,000, and we shall have the enormous sum of $1,335,000,000 to be added to the $400,000,000; the whole amounting to *seventeen hundred and thirty-five*

* I have verified these results by the tables of expenditures of these different nations, but I do little more than follow Mr. Jay, who has illustrated this important point with his accustomed accuracy. *Address*, p. 30.

† Jay's Peace and War, p. 13. ‡ American Almanac for 1845, page 143.

millions of dollars, a sum beyond the conception of human faculties, sunk under the sanction of the Government of the United States in mere *peaceful preparations for war;* more than *seven times* as much as was dedicated by the Government, during the same period, to all other purposes whatsoever.

From this serried array of figures the mind instinctively retreats. If we examine them from a nearer point of view, and, selecting some particular part, compare it with the figures representing other interests in the community they will present a front still more dread.

Within a short distance of this city stands an institution of learning, which was one of the earliest cares of the early forefathers of the country, the conscientious Puritans. Favored child of an age of trial and struggle, carefully nursed through a period of hardship and anxiety, endowed at that time by the oblations of men like Harvard, sustained from its first foundation by the paternal arm of the Commonwealth, by a constant succession of munificent bequests, and by the prayers of all good men, the University at Cambridge now invites our homage as the most ancient, the most interesting and the most important seat of learning in the land; possessing the oldest and most valuable library, one of the largest museums of mineralogy and natural history,—a School of Law, which annually receives into its bosom more than one hundred and fifty sons from all parts of the Union, where they listen to instruction from professors whose names have become among the most valuable possessions of the land *—a School of Divinity, the nurse of true learning and piety—one of the largest and most flourishing Schools of Medicine in the country—besides these, a general body of teachers, twenty-seven in number, many of whose names help to keep the name of the country respectable in every part of the globe, where science, learning and taste are cherished—the whole, presided over at this moment by a gentleman, early distinguished in public life by his unconquerable energies and his masculine eloquence, at a later period, by the unsurpassed ability with which he administered the affairs of our city, now, in a green old age, full of years and honors, preparing to lay down his present high trust.† Such is Harvard

* Mr. Justice Story, whose various juridical writings have caused him to be hailed, in foreign lands, among the first jurists of the age; and Professor Greenleaf, whose classic work on the Law of Evidence has already become an authority on both sides of the Atlantic.

† Hon. Josiah Quincy.

University; and as one of the humblest of her children, happy in the recollection of a youth nurtured in her classic retreats, I cannot allude to her without an expression of filial affection and respect.

It appears from the last Report of the Treasurer,* that the whole available property of the University, the various accumulations of more than two centuries of generosity, amounts to $703,175.

There now swings idly at her moorings, in this harbor, a ship of the line, the Ohio, carrying ninety guns, finished as late as 1836 for $547,888; repaired only two years afterwards in 1838, for $223,012; with an armament which has cost $53,945; making an amount of $834,845,† as the actual cost at this moment of that single ship; more than $100,000 beyond all the available accumulations of the richest and most ancient seat of learning in the land! Choose ye, my fellow citizens of a Christian state, between the two caskets—that wherein is the loveliness of knowledge and truth, or that which contains the carrion death.

Let us pursue the comparison still further. The account of the expenditures of the University during the last year, for the general purposes of the College, the instruction of the Undergraduates, and for the Schools of Law and Divinity, amounts to $45,949. The cost of the Ohio for one year in service, in salaries, wages and provisions, is $220,000; being $175,000 more than the annual expenditures of the University; more than *four times* as much. In other words, for the annual sum which is lavished on one ship of the line, *four* Institutions, like Harvard University, might be sustained throughout the country!

Still further let us pursue the comparison. The pay of the Captain of a ship like the Ohio, is $4,500, when in service; $3,500, when on leave of absence, or off duty. The salary of the President of the Harvard University is $2,205; without leave of absence, and never being off duty!

If the large endowments of Harvard University are dwarfed by a comparison with the expense of a single ship of the line, how much more must it be so with those of other institutions of learning and beneficence, less favored by the

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* Hon. S. A. Eliot's Report in 1844.

† Document, No. 132, House of Representatives, 3d session, 27th Congress. Reference is here made to the Ohio, because she happens to be in our waters. The expense of the Delaware in 1842 had been $1,051,000.

bounty of many generations. The average cost of a sloop of war is $315,000; more, probably, than all the endowments of those twin stars of learning in the Western part of Massachusetts, the Colleges at Williamstown and Amherst, and of that single star in the East, the guide to many ingenuous youth, the Seminary at Andover. The yearly cost of a sloop of war in service is above $50,000; more than the annual expenditures of these three Institutions combined.

I might press the comparison with other Institutions of beneficence; with the annual expenditures for the Blind—that noble and successful charity, which has shed true lustre upon our Commonwealth—amounting to $12,000; and the annual expenditures for the Insane of the Commonwealth, another charity dear to humanity, amounting to $27,844.

Take all the Institutions of learning and beneficence, the precious jewels of the Commonwealth, the schools, colleges, hospitals and asylums, and the sums by which they have been purchased and preserved are trivial and beggarly, compared with the treasures squandered within the borders of Massachusetts in vain preparations for war. There is the Navy Yard at Charlestown, with its stores on hand, all costing $4,741,000; the fortifications in the harbors of Massachusetts, in which have been sunk already incalculable sums, and in which it is now proposed to sink $3,853,000 more;* and besides, the Arsenal at Springfield, containing in 1842, 175,118 muskets, valued at $2,999,998,† and which is fed by an annual appropriation of about $200,000; but whose highest value will ever be, in the judgment of all lovers of truth, that it inspired a poem, which, in its influence shall be mightier than a battle, and shall endure when arsenals and fortifications have crumbled to the earth.‡

Look for one moment at a high and peculiar interest of

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* Document; Report of Secretary of War; No. 2. Senate, 27th Congress, 2nd session; where it is proposed to invest in a system of land defences $51,677,929.

† Exec. Documents of 1842-43, Vol. I. No. 3.

‡ From Mr. Longfellow's "Arsenal at Springfield" I extract two stanzas, which, in poetical expression, are the least attractive of any in the poem, but which commend themselves by their intrinsic truth and moral force;

> Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
> Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
> Given to redeem the human mind from error,
> There were no need of arsenals and forts.
>
> The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
> And every nation that should lift again
> Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
> Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

the nation, the administration of justice. Perhaps no part of our system is regarded with more pride and confidence by the enlightened sense of the country. To this, indeed, all the other concerns of Government, all its complications of machinery, are in a manner subordinate, since it is for the sake of justice that men come together in states and establish laws. What part of the Government can compare in importance, with the Federal Judiciary, that great balance wheel of the Constitution, controlling the relations of the States to each other, the legislation of Congress and of the States, besides private interests to an incalculable amount? Nor can the citizen, who discerns the true glory of his country, fail to recognize in the judicial labors of MARSHALL, now departed, and in the immortal judgments of STORY, who is still spared to us,—*serus in cœlum redeat*—a higher claim to admiration and gratitude than can be found in any triumph of battle. The expenses of the administration of Justice, throughout the United States, under the Federal Government, in 1842, embracing the salaries of the judges, the cost of juries, court-houses and all officers thereof, in short all the outlay by which Justice, according to the requirements of Magna Charta, is carried to every man's door, amounted to $560,990, a larger sum than is usually appropriated for this purpose, but how insignificant compared with the demands of the army and navy!

Let me allude to one more *curiosity* of waste. It appears, by a calculation founded on the expenses of the Navy, that the average cost of each gun, carried, over the ocean, for one year, amounts to about fifteen thousand dollars; * a sum sufficient to sustain ten professors of Colleges, and equal to the salaries of all the judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts and the Governor combined!

Such are a few brief illustrations of the tax which the nations of the world, and particularly our own country, impose on the people, in time of profound peace, for no purpose of good, but only in obedience to the spirit of war. As we wearily climb, in this survey, from expenditure to expenditure, from waste to waste, we seem to pass beyond the region of ordinary calculation; Alps on Alps arise, on whose crowning heights of everlasting ice, far above the habitations of man, where no green thing lives, where no creature draws its breath, we behold the cold, sharp, flashing glacier of War.

* Mr. Coues' tract, *What is the use of the Navy of the United States?*

In the contemplation of this spectacle the soul swells with alternate despair and hope; with despair, at the thought of such wealth, capable of rendering such service to humanity, not merely wasted but given to perpetuate hate; with hope, as the blessed vision arises of the devotion of all these incalculable means to the purposes of peace. The whole world labors at this moment with poverty and distress; and the painful question occurs to every observer, in Europe as well as at home,—what shall become of the poor,—the increasing standing army of the poor. Could the humble voice that now addresses you penetrate those distant counsels, or counsels nearer home, it would say, disband your standing armies of soldiers; abandon your fortifications and arsenals, or dedicate them to works of beneficence, as the statue of Jupiter Capitolinus was changed to the image of a Christian saint; apply your navy to purposes of commerce; in fine, utterly forsake the present incongruous system of *armed peace!*

That I may not seem to press to this conclusion with too much haste, at least as regards our own country, I shall consider briefly, as becomes the occasion, the asserted usefulness of the national defences which it is proposed to abandon.

What is the use of the Standing Army of the United States? It has been a principle of freedom, during many generations, to avoid a standing army; and one of the complaints in the Declaration of Independence was that George III had quartered large bodies of troops in the colonies. For the first few years, after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, during our weakness, before our power was assured, before our name had become respected in the family of nations, under the administration of Washington, a small sum was deemed ample for the military establishment of the United States. It was only when the country, at a later day, had been touched by the insanity of war, that it surrendered to military prejudices, and, abandoning the true economy of a Republic, cultivated a military spirit, and lavished the means, which it begrudged to the purposes of Peace, in vain preparation for War. It may now be said of the army of the United States, as Dunning said of the prerogatives of the crown, it has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. At this moment there are more than fifty-five military posts in the country. Of what use is the detachment of the second regiment of Artillery in the quiet town of New London in Connecticut? Of what use is the de-

tachment of the first regiment of Artillery in that pleasant resort of fashion, Newport? No person, who has not lost all sensibility to the dignity of human nature, can observe, without mortification, the discipline, the drilling, the marching and countermarching, the putting guns to the shoulder and the dropping them to the earth, which fill the lives of the poor soldiers, and prepare them to become the mere inanimate parts of a mere *machine*, to which the great living master of the art of war has likened an army. And this sensibility must be much more offended when he beholds a number of the ingenuous youth of the country, under the auspices of the Government, amidst the bewitching scenery of West Point, trained to these same farcical and humiliating exercises.* It is time that the people should declare the army to be an utterly useless branch of the public service; but not merely useless, also a seminary of idleness and vice, breeding manners uncongenial with our institutions, shortening the lives of those whom it enlists, and maintained at an expense, as we have already seen, which far surpasses all that is bestowed on all the civil purposes of the Government.

But I hear the voice of some defender of this abuse, some upholder of this "rotten borough" of our Constitution, crying, the army is needed for the defence of the country! As well might you say, that the shadow is needed for the defence of the body; for what is the army of the United States but the feeble shadow of the power of the American people! In placing the army on its present footing, so small in numbers compared with the forces of the great European States, our Government has tacitly admitted its superfluousness as a means of defence. Moreover, there is one plea for standing armies in Europe which cannot prevail here. They are supposed to be needed by Governments, which do not proceed from the popular voice, to sustain their power. The monarchs of the Old World, like the chiefs of the ancient German tribes, are upborne on the shields of the soldiery. Happily with us the Government springs from the hearts of the people, and needs no janizaries for its support. It only remains to declare distinctly that the country will repose, in the consciousness of right, without the wasteful excess of supporting soldiers, lazy consumers of the fruits of the earth,

* The amount appropriated by Congress for the Institution of West Point, since its establishment, is $4,002,901 15.

who might do the State good service in the various departments of useful industry.

What is the use of the Navy of the United States? The annual expense of our Navy for several years past has been upwards of six millions of dollars. For what purpose is this paid? Not for the apprehension of pirates; for frigates and ships of the line are of too great bulk to be of service for this purpose. Not for the suppression of the Slave Trade; for, under the stipulations with Great Britain, we employ only eighty guns in this holy alliance. Not to protect our coasts; for all agree that our few ships would form an unavailing defence against any serious attack. Not for these purposes all will admit; *but for the protection of our Navigation.* This is not the occasion for minute calculations. Suffice it to say, that an intelligent merchant, who has been extensively engaged in commerce for the last twenty years, and who speaks, therefore, with the authority of knowledge, has demonstrated in a tract of perfect clearness, that the annual amount of the freights of the whole mercantile marine of the country does not equal the annual expenditure of the Navy of the United States.* Protection at such cost is more ruinous than one of Pyrrhus' victories!

In objecting to the Navy, I wish to limit myself to the Navy as an asserted arm of national defence. So far as it may be necessary, as a part of the *police* of the seas, to purge them of pirates, and above all, to defeat the hateful traffic in human flesh, it is a proper arm of government. The free cities of Hamburgh and Bremen, survivors of the great Hanseatic League, with a commerce that whitens the most distant seas, are without a single ship of war. Let the United States be willing to follow their wise example, and abandon an institution which has already become a vain and most expensive TOY!

What is the use of the fortifications of the United States? We have already seen the enormous sums which have been locked in the dead hands, in the odious mortmain, of their everlasting masonry. This is in the hope of saving the country thereby from the horrors of conquest and bloodshed. And here let me meet this suggestion with frankness and

*I refer to Mr. Coues' tract, "What is the use of the Navy of the United States?" which has already produced a strong effect on many minds, the natural consequence of its unanswerable arguments and statements. No person should undertake to vindicate the Navy, or sanction appropriations for its support, without answering this tract.

distinctness. I will not repeat what has been set forth in an earlier part of my remarks, the considerations showing that in our age, no war of strict *self-defence* can possibly arise, no war which can be supported by the consciences of those even who disclaim the highest standard of the gospel; but I will suppose the case of a war, unjust and unchristian it must be, between our country and one of the great powers of Europe. In such a war, what would be the effect of the fortifications? Clearly to invite the attack, which they would in all probability be inadequate to defeat. It is a rule now recognized even in the barbarous code of war, one branch of which has been illustrated with admirable ability in the diplomatic correspondence of Mr. Webster, that non-combatants shall not, in any way, be molested, and that the property of private persons shall in all cases be held sacred. So firmly did the Duke of Wellington act upon this rule, that throughout the murderous campaigns of Spain, and afterwards when he entered France, flushed with the victory of Waterloo, he directed that his army should pay for all provisions, and even for the forage of their horses. The war is carried on against public property,—against fortifications, navy-yards and arsenals. But if these do not exist, there can be no aliment, no fuel for the flame. Every new fortification and every additional gun in our harbor is, therefore, not a safeguard, but a source of danger to our city. Better throw them in the sea, than madly allow them to draw to our homes the lightning of battle, without, alas, any conductor to hurry its terrors innocently beneath the concealing bosom of the earth!

What is the use of the militia of the United States? This immense system spreads, with more than a hundred arms, over the whole country, sucking its best life-blood, the unbought energies of the youth. The same farcical discipline, shouldering arms and carrying arms, which we have observed in the soldier, absorbs their time, though, of course, to a much less degree than in the regular army. We read with astonishment of the painted flesh, and uncouth vestments of our progenitors, the ancient Britons. The generation will soon come that will regard with equal wonder the pictures of their ancestors, closely dressed in padded and well-buttoned coats of blue, "besmeared with gold," surmounted by a huge mountain-cap of shaggy bear-skin, and with a barbarous device, typical of brute force, a tiger, painted on oil-skin, tied with leather to their backs! In the streets of Pisa, the

galley-slaves are compelled to wear dresses stamped with the name of the crime for which they are suffering punishment; as theft, robbery, murder. It is not a little strange, that Christians, living in a land "where bells have tolled to church," should voluntarily adopt devices which, if they have any meaning, recognize the example of beasts as worthy of imitation by man.* The general considerations which belong to the subject of preparations for war will illustrate the inanity of the militia for purposes of national defence. I do not know, indeed, that it is now strongly advocated on this ground. It is most often spoken of as an important part of the *police* of the country. I would not undervalue the blessings to be derived from an active, efficient, ever-wakeful police; and I believe that such a police has been long required in our country. But the militia, composed of youth of undoubted character, though of untried courage, is clearly inadequate for this purpose. No person, who has seen them in an actual riot, can hesitate in this judgment.† A very

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*It is a curious illustration of the low standard of conduct to which men and nations have appealed, that they have chosen emblems and armorial bearings from beasts and birds of prey. The lion is rampant on the flag of England; the leopard on that of Scotland; a double-headed eagle spreads its wings on the imperial standard of Austria. After exhausting the known kingdom of nature, the pennons of knights, like the knapsacks of our militia, were disfigured by imaginary and impossible monsters, griffins, hippogriffs, unicorns, all intended to represent the excess of brute force. Froissart records as a miracle, that a dove once rested in its flight on the royal banner of France. The people of Massachusetts have unconsciously adopted the same degrading standard. In the escutcheon which is used as the seal of the State, there is a most unfortunate combination of disagreeable and unworthy suggestions. On that part which, in the language of heraldry, is termed the *shield*, is placed an Indian, with a bow in his hand; certainly no agreeable memento, except to those who find *honor* in the disgraceful wars in which our fathers robbed and murdered King Philip, of Pokanoket, and his tribe, the rightful possessors of the soil. The *crest* is a raised arm, holding, in a threatening attitude, a drawn sabre; being precisely the emblem which is borne on the flag of Algiers! The *scroll*, or legend, consists of the last of those two lines, in bad Latin, from an unknown source, which we first encounter, as they were inscribed by Algernon Sydney, in the Album at the University of Copenhagen, in Denmark:

Manus hœc inimica tyrannis,
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has adopted, with singular unanimity, resolutions expressing its earnest desire for the establishment of a General Convention, or Congress of Nations, to adjudge questions between nations, and thus supersede the imagined necessity of war. Would it not be an act of moral dignity, becoming the character which it vaunts before the world, to adopt a new seal; at least to erase that *Algerine* emblem, fit only for Corsairs, and those words of *barbarous Latin*, which can awaken only the idea of ignorance, and brute force. If a Latin motto be needed, it might be those words of Virgil, "*Pacisque* imponere morem;" or that sentence of noble truth from Cicero, "Sine SUMMA JUSTITIA rempublicam geri nullo modo posse." De Republ. Lib. II. Cap. 44.

†The riot in Broad Street, in 1837, is often invoked by the devotees of the militia (for it has devotees!) as an instance of the important aid derived from this arm of the police. It will not be denied, however, that an apparatus much less costly would have sufficed for the purpose. I hope I shall be pardoned if I ven-

small portion of the means which are absorbed by the militia, would provide a police that should be competent to all the emergences of domestic disorder and violence.

The City of Boston has long been convinced of the inexpediency of a Fire Department composed of mere volunteers. It is to be hoped that a similar conviction may pervade the country with regard to the police. I am well aware, however, that efforts to abolish the militia system will be encountered by some of the dearest prejudices of the common mind; not only by the war spirit; but by that other spirit, which first animates childhood, and at a later day, "children of a larger growth," inviting to finery of dress and parade,—the same spirit which fantastically bedecks the dusky feather-cinctured chiefs of the soft regions warmed by the tropical sun; which inserts rings in the noses of the North American Indians; which slits the ears of the Australian savages; and tattoes the New Zealand cannibals.

Such is a review of the true character and value of the national defences of the United States! It will be observed that I have thus far regarded them in the plainest light of ordinary worldly economy, without reference to those higher considerations, founded on the history and nature of man, and the truths of Christianity, which pronounce them to be vain. It is grateful to know, that though they may yet have the support of what Jeremy Taylor calls the "popular noises," still the more economical, more humane, more wise, more Christian system is daily commending itself to wide circles of the good people of the land. All the virtues that truly elevate a state are on its side. Economy, sick of the pigmy efforts to staunch the smallest fountains and rills of exuberant expenditure, pleads that here is an endless, boundless river, an Amazon of waste, rolling its turbid, unhealthy waters vainly to the sea. It chides us with an unnatural inconsistency when we strain at a little twine and red tape, and swallow the monstrous cables and armaments of war. Humanity pleads for the poor from whom such mighty means are withdrawn. Wisdom frowns on these preparations as calculated to nurse sentiments inconsistent with Peace.

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ture to correct a misapprehension which has extensively prevailed with regard to the services of the militia on that occasion. I had been on the ground, and in the very houses the scene of the riot, for an hour previous to the appearance of the militia, and am able to state distinctly, that before this arm of the police was discerned in the street moving along "by blore of trump, and thump of drum," the riot had ceased. A small number of intelligent, fearless and unarmed men could have quelled it at a much earlier moment.

Christianity calmly rebukes the spirit in which they have their origin, as being of little faith, and treacherous to her high behests; while History shows the sure progress of man, like the lion in Paradise still "pawing to get free his hinder parts," but certain, if he be true to his nature, to emancipate himself from the restraints of earth.

The sentiment, that in time of peace we must prepare for war, has been transmitted from distant ages when brute force prevailed. It is the terrible inheritance, the *damnosa hæreditas*, which painfully reminds the people of our day of their relations with the Past. It belongs to the rejected dogmas of barbarism. It is the companion of those harsh rules of tyranny by which the happiness of the many has been offered up to the propensities of the few. It is the child of suspicion and the forerunner of violence. Having in its favor the almost uninterrupted usage of the world, it possesses a hold on the common mind, which is not easily unloosed. And yet the conscientious soul cannot fail, on careful observation, to detect its most mischievous fallacy—a fallacy the most costly the world has witnessed, and which dooms nations to annual tributes in comparison with which all that have been extorted by conquests are as the widow's mite by the side of Pharisaical contributions. So true is what Rousseau said, and Guizot has since repeated, "that a bad principle is far worse than a bad fact;" for the operations of the one are finite, while those of the other are infinite.

I speak of this principle with earnestness; for I believe it to be erroneous and false, founded in ignorance and barbarism, unworthy of an age of light, and disgraceful to Christians. I have called it a principle; but it is a mere *prejudice*—sustained by human example only, and not by lofty truth—in obeying which we imitate the early mariners, who steered from headland to headland and hugged the shore, unwilling to venture upon the broad ocean, where their guide should be the luminaries of Heaven.

Dismissing from our minds, the actual usage of nations on the one side, and the considerations of economy on the other, and regarding preparations for war in time of peace in the clear light of reason, in a just appreciation of the nature of man, and in the injunctions of the highest truth, and they cannot fail to be branded as most pernicious. They are pernicious on two grounds; *first*, because they inflame the people, who make them, exciting them to deeds of vio-

lence which otherwise would be most alien to their minds; and *second*, because having their origin in the low motive of distrust and hate, they inevitably, by a sure law of the human mind, excite a corresponding feeling in other nations. Thus they are in fact not the *preservers of peace*, but the *provokers of war*.

In illustration of the *first* of these grounds, it will occur to every inquirer, that the possession of power is always in itself dangerous, that it tempts the purest and highest natures to self-indulgence, that it can rarely be enjoyed without abuse; nor is the power to employ force in war, or otherwise, an exception to this law. History teaches that the nations possessing the greatest military forces, have always been the most belligerent; while the feebler powers have enjoyed, for a longer period, the blessings of Peace. The din of war resounds throughout more than seven hundred years of Roman history, with only two short lulls of repose; while smaller states, less potent in arms, and without the excitement to quarrels on this account, have enjoyed long eras of Peace. It is not in the history of nations only, that we find proofs of this law. Like every great moral principle, it applies equally to individuals. The experience of private life, in all ages, confirms it. The *wearing of arms* has always been a provocative to combat. It has excited the spirit and furnished the implements of strife. As we revert to the progress of society in modern Europe, we find that the odious system of private quarrels, of hostile meetings even in the street, continued so long as men persevered in the habit of wearing arms. Innumerable families were thinned by death received in these hasty and often unpremeditated encounters; and the lives of scholars and poets were often exposed to their rude chances. Marlowe, "with all his rare learning and wit," perished ignominiously under the weapon of an unknown adversary; and Savage, whose genius and misfortune inspired the friendship and the eulogies of Johnson, was tried for murder committed in a sudden broil. "The expert swordsman," says Mr. Jay,* "the practised marksman, is ever more ready to engage in personal combats, than the man who is unaccustomed to the use of deadly weapons. In those portions of our country where it is supposed essential to personal safety to go armed with pistols and bowie-knives, mortal affrays are so frequent as to excite but little attention, and to secure,

* Address before the American Peace Society, pp. 23 24.

with rare exceptions, impunity to the murderer; whereas, at the North and East, where we are unprovided with such facilities for taking life, comparatively few murders of the kind are perpetrated. We might, indeed, safely submit the decision of the principle we are discussing to the calculations of pecuniary interest. Let two men, equal in age and health, apply for an insurance on their lives; one known to be ever armed to defend his honor and his life against every assailant; and the other a meek, unresisting Quaker. Can we doubt for a moment which of these men would be deemed by the Insurance Company most likely to reach a good old age?"

The *second* of these grounds is a part of the unalterable nature of man, which was recognized in early ages, though unhappily it has been rarely made the basis of intercourse among nations. It is an expansion of the old Horatian adage, *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi;* if you wish me to weep, you must yourself first weep. So are we all knit together that the feelings in our own bosom awaken corresponding feelings in the bosoms of others; as harp answers to harp in its softest vibrations; as deep responds to deep in the might of its passions. What within us is good invites the good in our brother; generosity begets generosity; love wins love; Peace secures Peace; while all within us that is bad challenges the bad in our brother; distrust engenders distrust; hate provokes hate; War arouses War. Life is full of illustrations of this beautiful law. Even the miserable maniac, in whose mind the common rules of conduct are overthrown, confesses its overruling power, and the vacant stare of madness may be illumined by a word of love. The wild beasts confess it; and what is the interesting story of Orpheus, whose music drew in listening rapture the lions and panthers of the forest, but an expression of this prevailing law?*

Literature abounds in illustrations of this principle. Looking back to the early dawn of the world, one of the most touching scenes which we behold, illumined by that Auroral light, is the peaceful visit of the aged Priam to the tent of

* There is a striking illustration of this law in the incident recorded by Homer in the Odyssey (XIV. 30, 31), where Ulysses, on reaching his loved Ithaca, is beset by dogs, who are described as wild beasts in ferocity, and who barking rushed towards him; but he, with *craft*, (that is the word of Homer) seats himself upon the earth, *and lets his staff fall from his hands;* thus in unarmed repose finding protection. A similar incident is noticed by Mr. Mure in his entertaining travels in Greece; and also by Mr. Borrow in his *Bible in Spain*. Pliny remarks that all dogs may be appeased in the same way. Impetus eorum, et sævitia mitigantur ab homine considente humi. Nat. Hist. Lib. VIII. cap. 40.

Achilles to entreat the body of his son. The fierce combat has ended in the death of Hector, whose unhonored corse the bloody Greek has already trailed behind his chariot. The venerable father, after twelve days of grief, is moved to efforts to regain the remains of the Hector he had so dearly loved. He leaves his lofty cedarn chamber, and with a single aged attendant, unarmed, repairs to the Grecian camp, by the side of the distant sounding sea. Entering alone, he finds Achilles within his tent; in the company of two of his chiefs. He grasps his knees, and kisses those terrible homicidal hands, which had taken the life of his son. The heart of the inflexible, the angry, the inflamed Achilles is touched by the sight which he beholds, and responds to the feelings of Priam. He takes the suppliant by the hand, seats him by his side, consoles his grief, refreshes his weary body, and concedes to the prayers of a weak, unarmed old man, what all Troy in arms could not win.* In this scene the poet, with unconscious power, has presented a picture of the omnipotence of that law of our nature, making all mankind of kin, in obedience to which no word of kindness, no act of confidence, falls idly to the earth.

Among the legendary passages of Roman history, perhaps none makes a deeper impression, than that scene, after the Roman youth had been consumed at Allia, and the invading Gauls under Brennus had entered the city, where we behold the venerable Senators of the Republic, too old to flee, and careless of surviving the Roman name, seated each on his curule chair, in a temple, unarmed, looking, as Livy says, more august than mortal, and with the majesty of the gods. The Gauls gaze on them as upon sacred images, and the hand of slaughter, which had raged through the streets of Rome, is stayed by the sight of an assembly of unarmed old men. At length a Gaul approaches and gently strokes with his hands the silver beard of a Senator, who, indignant at the license, smites the barbarian with his ivory staff; which was the signal for general vengeance. Think you, that a band of savages could have slain these Senators, if the appeal to force had not first been made by one of their own number! †

* This scene fills a large part of a book of the Iliad. (XXIV.) It is instructive to all, who would know what commends itself most truly to the heart of man, what is most truly grand, to observe that the passages of Homer which receive the most unquestioned admiration are—not the bloody combats even of the bravest chiefs, even of the gods themselves—but those two passages in which he has painted the gentle, unwarlike affections of our nature; the parting of Hector and Andromache, and the supplication of Priam.

† This story is recounted by Livy, Lib. V. Cap. 4, 2; also by Plutarch in his life of Camillus. It is properly repudiated by Niebuhr as a legend; but is none

Following this sentiment in the literature of modern times we find its pervading presence. I will not dwell on the examples which arise to the mind.* I will allude only to that scene in Swedish poetry, where Frithiof, in deadly combat with Atlé, when the falchion of the latter broke, said, throwing away his own weapon ;—

——— Swordless foeman's life
Ne'er dyed this gallant blade.

The two champions now closed in mutual clutch ; they hugged like bears, says the Poet ;

'Tis o'er; for Frithiof's matchless strength
Has felled his ponderous size ;
And 'neath that knee, at giant length,
Supine the Viking lies.
"But fails my sword, thou Berserk swart!"
The voice rang far and wide,
"Its point should pierce thy inmost heart,
Its hilt should drink the tide."
"Be free to lift the weaponed hand,"
Undaunted Atlé spoke,
Hence, fearless, quest thy distant brand!
Thus I abide the stroke."

Frithiof regains his sword, intent to close the dread debate, while his adversary awaits the stroke ; but his heart responds to the generous courage of his foe ; he cannot injure one who has shown such confidence in him ;—

This quelled his ire, this checked his arm,
Outstretched the hand of peace.†

I cannot leave these illustrations without alluding particularly to the history of the treatment of the insane, which is full of deep instruction, showing how strong in nature must be the principle, which leads us to respond to the conduct and feelings of others. When Pinel first proposed to remove the heavy chains from the raving maniacs of the hospitals of Paris, he was regarded as one who saw visions, or dreamed dreams. His wishes were gratified at last ; and the change

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the less important, as an illustration of that law, which is considered in the text. The heart of man confesses that the Roman Senator provoked death for himself and associates.

* Guizot preserves an instance of the effect which was produced by an unarmed man before a violent multitude, employing the word instead of the sword. (Guizot, Histoire de la Civilization, Tom. II. p. 36.) Who can forget that finest scene in that noble historical romance, the *Promessi Sposi*, where Fra Christofero, in an age of violence, after slaying a comrade in a broil, in unarmed penitence, seeks the presence of the family and retainers of his victim, and awakens by his dignified gentleness, the admiration of those who were mad with the desire of vengeance ? A popular romance, which has just left the press, and is now read in both hemispheres, *Le Juif Errant*, by Eugene Sue, has an interesting picture, at the close of the second volume, of the superiority of Christian courage over the hired and trained violence of soldiers. See Appendix, Note F.

† Tegner's Frithiof's Sago, Canto XI. translated by Strong ; Longfellow's Poets and Poetry of Europe, p. 161.

in the conduct of his patients was immediate; the wrinkled front of evil passions was smoothed into the serene countenance of Peace. The old treatment by force is now universally abandoned; the law of love has taken its place; and all these unfortunates mingle together, unvexed by those restraints, which implied suspicion, and, therefore, aroused opposition. The warring propensities, which once filled with confusion and strife the hospitals for the insane while they were controlled by force, are a dark but feeble type of the present relations of nations, on whose hands are the heavy chains of military preparations, assimilating the world to one great mad-house; while the peace and good-will which now abound in these retreats, are the happy emblems of what awaits the world when it shall have the wisdom to recognize the supremacy of the higher sentiments of our nature; of gentleness, of confidence, of love;

——— making their future might
Magnetic o'er the fixed untrembling heart.

I might also dwell on the recent experience, so full of delightful wisdom, in the treatment of the distant, degraded convicts of New South Wales,* showing the importance of confidence and kindness on the part of their overseers, in awakening a corresponding sentiment even in these outcasts, from whose souls virtue seems, at first view, to be wholly blotted out. Thus from all quarters, from the far-off past, from the far-away Pacific, from the verse of the poet, from the legend of history, from the cell of the mad-house, from the assembly of transported criminals, from the experience of daily life, from the universal heart of man, ascends the spontaneous tribute to the prevailing power of that law, according to which the human heart responds to the feelings by which it is addressed, whether of confidence or distrust, of love or hate.

It will be urged that these instances are exceptions to the general laws by which mankind are governed. It is not so. They are the unanswerable evidence of the real nature of man. They reveal the divinity of humanity, out of which all goodness, all happiness, all true greatness can alone proceed. They disclose susceptibilities which are general, which are confined to no particular race of men, to no period

* The reader is referred to the several publications of Captain Machonichie, whose labors of beneficence entitle him to more than a vulgar military laurel.

of time, to no narrow circle of knowledge and refinement—susceptibilities which are present wherever two or more human beings come together. It is, then, on the impregnable ground of the universal and unalterable nature of man, that I place the fallacy of that prejudice, in obedience to which in time of peace we prepare for war.

But this prejudice is not only founded on a misconception of the nature of man; it is abhorrent to Christianity, which teaches that Love is more puissant than Force. To the reflecting mind the Omnipotence of God himself is less discernible in the earthquake and the storm than in the gentle but quickening rays of the sun, and the sweet descending dews. And he is a careless observer who does not recognize the superiority of gentleness and kindness, as a mode of exercising influence, or securing rights among men. As the winds of violence beat about them, they hug those mantles, which they gladly throw to the earth under the genial warmth of a kindly sun. Thus far, nations have drawn their weapons from the earthly armories of Force, unmindful of those others of celestial temper from the house of Love.

But Christianity not only teaches the superiority of Love over Force; it positively enjoins the practice of the one, and the rejection of the other. It says; "Love your neighbors;" but it does not say; "In time of Peace rear the massive fortification, build the man of war, enlist armies, train the militia, and accumulate military stores to be employed in future quarrels with your neighbors." Its precepts go still further. They direct that we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us—a golden rule for the conduct of nations as well as individuals, called by Confucius the virtue of the heart, and made by him the basis of the nine maxims of Government which he presented to the sovereigns of his country;* but how inconsistent with that distrust of others, in wrongful obedience to which nations, in time of Peace, seem to sleep like soldiers on their arms. But its precepts go still further. They enjoin patience, suffering, forgiveness of evil, even the duty of benefiting a destroyer, "as the sandal wood, in the instant of its overthrow, sheds perfume on the axe which fells it." And can a people, in whom this faith is more than an idle word, consent to such enormous sacrifices of money, in violation of its plainest precepts?

The injunction, "Love one another," is applicable to nations

* Oeuvres de Bernardin de St. Pierre, Harmonies de la Nature, Tom. 10, p. 138.

as well as individuals. It is one of the great laws of Heaven. And any one may well measure his nearness to God by the degree to which he regulates his conduct by this truth.

In response to these successive views, founded on considerations of economy, of the true nature of man, and of Christianity, I hear the skeptical note of some defender of the transmitted order of things, some one who wishes "to fight for Peace," saying, these views are beautiful but visionary; they are in advance of the age; the world is not yet prepared for their reception. To such persons (if there be such), I would say; nothing can be beautiful that is not true; but these views are true; the time is now come for their reception; now is the day and now is the hour. Every effort to impede their progress arrests the advancing hand on the great dial-plate of human happiness.

The name of Washington is invoked as an authority for a prejudice which Economy, Humanity and Christianity all declare to be false. Mighty and reverend as is his name, more mighty and more reverend is truth. The words of counsel which he gave were in accordance with the spirit of his age,—an age which was not shocked by the slave-trade. But his lofty soul, which loved virtue, and inculcated justice and benevolence, frowns upon the efforts of those who would use his authority as an incentive to war. God forbid that his sacred character should be profanely stretched, like the skin of John Ziska, on a militia drum to arouse the martial ardor of the American people!*

*The following table of the Military and Naval Expenditures of the United States, during the eight years of the administration of Washington, compared with those for the last eight years, to which I have had access, will show how his practice accords with that of our day:

Years.	Military Establishment.	Naval Establishment.
1789–91	$ 835,000	$570
1792	1,223,594	53!
1793	1,237,620	
1794	2,733,540	61,409
1795	2,573,059	410,562
1796	1,474 661	274,784
Total during the eight years of Washington,	$10,078,092	$847,378
1835	9,420,313	3,864,939
1836	18,466.110	5,800.763
1837	19,417,274	6,852 060
1838	19,936,412	5,175,771
1839	14.263,981	6,225.003
1840	11,621,438	6,124.445
1842	13 903,898	6,216 503
1843	8,248,918	7,963.678
Total during eight years,	$114,283,244	$49,053,473

Thus it appears that the expenditures for the defences of the country, under

It is melancholy to consider the impediments which truth encounters on its first appearance. A large portion of mankind, poising themselves on the flagitious fallacy, that *Whatever is, is right*, avert their countenances from all that is inconsistent with established usage. I have already, in another part of this address, set forth the superiority of principle to any human example; I would here repeat that the practice of nations can be no apology for a system which is condemned by such principles as I have now considered. Truth enters the world like a humble child, with few to receive her; it is only when she has grown in years and stature, and the purple flush of youthful strength beams from her face, that she is sought and wooed. It has been thus in all ages. Nay, more; there is often an irritation excited by her presence; and men who are kind and charitable forget their kindness and lose their charity towards the unaccustomed stranger. It was this feeling which awarded a dungeon to Galileo, when he declared that the earth moved round the sun; which neglected the great discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey; and which bitterly opposed the divine philanthropy of Clarkson, when he first denounced the wickedness of the slave-trade. But the rejected truths of to-day shall become the chief corner-stones to the next generation.

Auspicious omens in the history of the past and in the present, cheer us for the future. The terrible wars of the French Revolution were the violent rending of the body which preceded the exorcism of the fiend. Since the morning stars first sang together, the world has not witnessed a peace so harmonious and enduring as that which now blesses the Christian nations. Great questions between them, fraught with strife, and in another age, sure heralds of war, are now determined by arbitration or mediation. Great political movements, which only a few short years ago must have led to forcible rebellion, are now conducted by peaceful discussion. Literature, the press, and various societies, all join in the holy work of inculcating good-will to man. The spirit of humanity now pervades the best writings, whether

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the sanction of Washington, amounted to about *eleven million* dollars, while those during a recent similar period of eight years, stretch to upwards of *one hundred and sixty-four million dollars!* To him who quotes the precept of Washington, I commend the practice. All will agree that, in this age, when the whole world is at peace, and when our power is assured, there is less need of these preparations than in an age convulsed with war, when our power was little respected. The only semblance of an argument in their favor is founded in the increased wealth of the country; but the capacity of the country to endure taxation is no criterion of its justice!

the elevated philosophical inquiries of the *Vestiges of Creation*, the ingenious but melancholy moralizings of the *Story of a Feather*, or the overflowing raillery of *Punch*.* Genius can never be so Promethean as when it bears the heavenly fire of love to the hearths of men.

It was Dr. Johnson, in the last age, who uttered the detestable sentiment, that he liked "a good hater;" the man of this age shall say he likes "a good lover." A poet, whose few verses will bear him on his immortal flight with unflagging wing, has given expression to this sentiment in words of uncommon pathos and power: †

> He prayeth well who loveth well
> All things, both great and small.
> He prayeth best who loveth best
> Both man, and bird, and beast,
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.

Every where the ancient law of hate is yielding to the law of love. It is seen in the change of dress; the armor of complete steel was the habiliment of the knight; and the sword was an indispensable companion of the gentleman of the last century; but he would be thought a madman or a bully who should wear either now. It is seen in the change in domestic architecture; the places once chosen for castles or houses, were in the most savage, inaccessible retreats, where the massive structure was reared, destined solely to repel attacks, and to enclose its inhabitants. The monasteries and churches were fortified, and girdled by towers, ramparts and ditches, and a child was often stationed as a watchman,—not of the night,—but to observe what passed at a distance, and announce the approach of the enemy! ‡ The houses of the peaceful citizens in towns were castellated, often without so much as an aperture for light near the ground, and with loop-holes above, through which the shafts

* While this Oration was passing through the press, I read in one of the public prints, a letter, dated Birmingham, July 3, 1845, from which I make the following extract: "The Peace Question makes rapid progress in this country. I verily believe that if the people were polled to-morrow, nine-tenths of them would pronounce all war to be unchristian, and not a few would vote for the entire abrogation of our military and naval forces. The London Peace Society is doing much to deepen and confirm this feeling, and nearly all our cheap periodicals are *peace-toned*." The last fact is of peculiar importance; for it is in this way that the hearts of the people are to be touched. The agitation in Ireland, and that gigantic combination in England, the Anti Corn Law League, proceed on the *peace principle*. "Remember," says Mr. O'Connell, in words that will be immortal, "that no political change is worth a single crime, or above all, a single drop of human blood."

† Coleridge; Ancient Mariner.

‡ Guizot, Histoire de la Civilization, Tom. III.

of the cross-bow might be aimed.* In the system of fortifications and preparations for war, nations act towards each other in the spirit of distrust and barbarism, which we have traced in the individual, but which he has now renounced. In so doing, they take counsel of the wild boar in the fable, who whetted his tusks on a tree of the forest, when no enemy was near, saying that in time of peace he must prepare for war. But has not the time now come, when man whom God created in his own image, and to whom He gave the heaven-directed countenance, shall cease to look down to the beasts for examples of conduct?

We have already offered our homage to an early monarch of France, for his efforts in abolishing the Trial by Battle and in the cause of Peace. To another monarch of France, in our own day, a descendant of St. Louis, worthy of the illustrious lineage, Louis Philippe, belongs the honest fame of first publishing from the throne† the truth, that Peace was endangered by preparations for War. "The sentiment, or rather the principle," he says, "that in peace you must prepare for war, *is one of difficulty and danger; for while we keep armies on land to preserve peace, they are, at the same time, incentives and instruments of war.* He rejoiced in all efforts to preserve peace, for that was what all need. He thought the time was coming when we shall get rid entirely of war in all civilized countries." This time has been hailed by a generous voice from the army itself, by a Marshal of France, who gave as a toast at a public dinner in Paris,‡ the following words of salutation to a new and approaching era of happiness: "To the pacific union of the great human family, by the association of individuals, nations and races! To the annihilation of war! To the transformation of destructive armies into corps of industrious laborers, who will consecrate their lives to the cultivation and embel-

* The two volumes of colored plates from the illuminations of Froissart, which have been recently published, will give an accurate idea of the system of defences within which private individuals sheltered themselves. For other illustrations, see Appendix, Note G.

† In reply to an address by the deputation from the London Peace Convention, in 1843.

‡ Marshal Bugeaud, Governor of Algiers, gave this toast April 7, 1840, at one of several public dinners at that time, to commemorate the character and services of Fourier. How unlike this humane and noble sentiment of the Marshal of France, are the braggart standing toasts at the celebrations of our National Anniversary, vaunting in swelling phrase, the glories of the army, the navy, and the militia, while the great interests of civilization, the administration of justice, education, humanity, are neglected, or only introduced, like sour olives and mouldy cheese, at the end of the feast.

lishment of the world!" Be it our duty to speed this consummation!

To William Penn belongs the distinction, destined to brighten as men advance in virtue, of first, in human history, establishing the *Law of Love* as a rule of conduct for the intercourse of nations. While he recognized as a great end of government, "to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from abuse of power,"* he declined the superfluous protection of arms against foreign force, and "aimed to reduce the savage nations by just and gentle manners to the love of civil society and the Christian religion." His serene countenance, as he stands with his followers in what he called the sweet and clear air of Pennsylvania, all unarmed, beneath the spreading elm, forming the great treaty of friendship with the untutored Indians,—who fill with savage display the surrounding forest as far as the eye can reach,—not to wrest their lands by violence, but to obtain them by peaceful purchase, is, to my mind, the proudest picture in the history of our country. "The great God," said this illustrious Quaker, in his words of sincerity and truth, addressed to the Sachems, "has written his law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love, and to help, and to do good to one another. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow-creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, but to do good. We have met, then, in the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage can be taken on either side, but all is to be openness, brotherhood and love; while all are to be treated as of the same flesh and blood." † These are, indeed, words of true greatness. "Without any carnal weapons," says one of his companions, "we entered the land, and inhabited therein as safe as if there had been thousands of garrisons." "This little State," says Oldmixon, "subsisted in the midst of six Indian nations, without so much as a militia for its defence." A great man, worthy of the mantle of Penn, the venerable philanthropist, Clarkson, in his life of the founder of Pennsylvania, says, "The Pennsylvanians became armed, though without arms; they became strong, though without strength; they became safe, without the ordinary means of safety. The constable's staff was the only instrument of authority amongst

*Preface to Penn's Constitution.

† Clarkson's Life of Penn, I. cap. 18.

them for the greater part of a century, and never, during the administration of Penn, or that of his proper successors, was there a quarrel or a war." *

Greater than the divinity that doth hedge a king, is the divinity that encompasses the righteous man, and the righteous people. The flowers of prosperity smiled in the blessed footprints of William Penn. His people were unmolested and happy, while (sad, but true contrast!) those of other colonies, acting upon the policy of the world, building forts, and showing themselves in arms, not after receiving provocation, but merely in the anticipation, or from the fear, of insults or danger, were harassed by perpetual alarms, and pierced by the sharp arrows of savage war.†

This pattern of a Christian Commonwealth never fails to arrest the admiration of all who contemplate its beauties. It drew an epigram of eulogy from the caustic pen of Voltaire, and has been fondly painted by many virtuous historians. Every ingenuous soul in our day offers his willing tribute to those celestial graces of justice and humanity, by the side of which the flinty hardness of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock seems earthly and coarse.

But let us not confine ourselves to barren words in recognition of virtue. While we see the right, and approve it, too, let us dare to pursue it. Let us now, in this age of civilization, surrounded by Christian nations, be willing to follow the successful example of William Penn, surrounded by savages. Let us, while we recognize those transcendent ordinances of God, the *Law of Right* and the *Law of Love*, —the double suns which illumine the moral universe,— aspire to the true glory, and what is higher than glory, the great good, of taking the lead in the disarming of the nations. Let us abandon the system of preparation for war in time of peace, as irrational, unchristian, vainly prodigal of expense, and having a direct tendency to excite the very evil against which it professes to guard. Let the enormous means thus released from iron hands, be devoted to labors of beneficence. Our battlements shall be schools, hospitals, colleges and churches; our arsenals shall be libraries; our navy shall be peaceful ships, on errands of perpetual commerce; our army shall be the teachers of youth, and the ministers of religion.

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* Life of Penn, II. cap. 23.

† Ample illustrations of this striking difference between the fate of the colony of Pennsylvania, and its sister colonies, may be found in Clarkson, II. cap. 22.

This is indeed, the cheap defence of nations. In such entrenchments what Christian soul can be touched with fear. Angels of the Lord shall throw over the land an invisible, but impenetrable panoply ;

> Or if virtue feeble were
> Heaven itself would stoop to her.*

At the thought of such a change in policy, the imagination loses itself in the vain effort to follow the various streams of happiness, which gush forth as from a thousand hills. Then shall the naked be clothed and the hungry fed. Institutions of science and learning shall crown every hill-top; hospitals for the sick, and other retreats for the unfortunate children of the world, for all who suffer in any way, in mind, body or estate, shall nestle in every valley ; while the spires of new churches shall leap exulting to the skies. The whole land shall bear witness to the change; art shall confess it in the new inspiration of the canvass and the marble ; the harp of the poet shall proclaim it in a loftier rhyme. Above all, the heart of man shall bear witness to it, in the elevation of his sentiments, in the expansion of his affections, in his devotion to the highest truth, in his appreciation of true greatness. The eagle of our country, without the terror of his beak, and dropping the forceful thunderbolt from his pounces, shall soar with the olive of Peace, into untried realms of ether, nearer to the sun.

And here let us review the field over which we have passed. We have beheld war, a mode of determining justice between nations, having its origin in an appeal, not to the moral and intellectual part of man's nature, distinguishing him from the beasts, but to that low part of his nature, which

* These are the concluding words of that most exquisite creation of early genius, the Comus. I have seen them in Milton's own hand-writing, inscribed by himself, during his travels in Italy, as a motto, in an Album; thus showing that they were regarded by him as expressing an important moral truth. The truth, which is thus embalmed by the grandest poet of modern times, is also illustrated, in familiar words, by the most graceful poet of antiquity.

> Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,
> Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
> Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
> Fusce, pharetra.

Dryden pictures the same idea in some of his most magical lines;

> A milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged,
> Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged,
> Without unspotted, innocent within,
> *She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.*

he has in common with the beasts; we have contemplated its infinite miseries to the human race; we have weighed its sufficiency as a mode of determining justice between nations, and found that it is a rude appeal to force or a gigantic game of chance, in which God's children are profanely dealt with as a pack of cards, while in its unnatural and irrational wickedness, it is justly to be likened to the monstrous and impious usage of Trial by Battle which disgraced the dark ages, thus showing that, in this age of boasted civilization, justice between nations is determined by the same rules of barbarous brutal force which once controlled the relations between individuals. We have next considered the various prejudices by which War is sustained; founded on a false belief in its necessity; on the practice of nations past and present; on the infidelity of the Christian Church; on a false idea of honor; on an exaggerated idea of the duties of patriotism; and lastly that monster prejudice, which draws its vampire life from the vast preparations in time of peace for war; dwelling at the last stage upon the thriftless, irrational and unchristian character of these preparations, and catching a vision of the exalted good that will be achieved when our country, learning wisdom, shall aim at the true grandeur of Peace.

And now, if it be asked why, on this National Anniversary, in the consideration of the TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS, I have thus dwelt singly and exclusively on war, it is, because war is utterly and irreconcilably inconsistent with true greatness. Thus far mankind has worshipped, in military glory, an idol, compared with which the colossal images of ancient Babylon or modern Hindostan are but toys; and we, in this blessed day of light, in this blessed land of freedom, are among the idolaters. The Heaven-descended injunction, *know thyself*, still speaks to an ignorant world from the distant letters of gold at Delphi; *know thyself;* know that the moral nature is the most noble part of man; transcending far that part which is the seat of passion, strife and war; nobler than the intellect itself. Suppose war to be decided by *force*, where is the glory? Suppose it to be decided by *chance*, where is the glory? No; true greatness consists in imitating as near as is possible for finite man, the perfections of an Infinite Creator; above all, in cultivating those highest perfections, Justice and Love; Justice, which like that of St. Louis, shall not swerve to the right hand or to the left;

Love, which like that of William Penn, shall regard all mankind of kin. "God is angry," says Plato, "when any one censures a man like himself, *or praises a man of an opposite character.* And the God-like man is the good man." * And again, in another of those lovely dialogues, vocal with immortal truth, "Nothing resembles God more than that man among us who has arrived at the highest degree of justice." † The true greatness of nations is in those qualities which constitute the greatness of the individual. It is not to be found in extent of territory, nor in vastness of population, nor in wealth; not in fortifications, or armies, or navies; not in the phosphorescent glare of fields of battle; not in Golgothas, though covered by monuments that kiss the clouds; for all these are the creatures and representatives of those qualities of our nature, which are unlike any thing in God's nature.

Nor is the greatness of nations to be found in triumphs of the intellect alone, in literature, learning, science or art. The polished Greeks, the world's masters in the delights of language, and in range of thought, and the commanding Romans, overawing the earth with their power, were little more than splendid savages; and the age of Louis XIV of France, spanning so long a period of ordinary worldly magnificence, thronged by marshals bending under military laurels, enlivened by the unsurpassed comedy of Molière, dignified by the tragic genius of Corneille, illumined by the splendors of Bossuet, is degraded by immoralities that cannot be mentioned without a blush, by a heartlessness in comparison with which the ice of Nova Zembla is warm, and by a succession of deeds of injustice not to be washed out by the tears of all the recording angels of Heaven.‡

The true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may widen the sphere of its influence; they may adorn it; but they are in their nature but accessaries. *The true grandeur of humanity is*

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* Minos § 12. † Theætetus, § 87.

‡ The false glory of Louis XIV, which procured for him, from flattering courtiers and a barbarous world, the title of Great, was questioned by one of his own subjects, the good Abbé de Saint Pierre. To this early Apostle of Humanity and Peace, the author of the *Projet de paix perpetuelle*, the advocate of good will to man, the world, as it wakes from its martial trance, shall offer large tributes of admiration and gratitude. His voice was that of one crying in the wilderness; but it was the herald of the reign of Peace. He enriched the French language with the word *bienfaisance;* and D'Alembert said that it was right that he should have invented the word, who practised so largely the virtue which it expressed. The good Abbé is not to be confounded with the eccentric and eloquent Bernardin de Saint Pierre, the author of Paul and Virginia.

in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man. The truest tokens of this grandeur in a State are the diffusion of the greatest happiness among the greatest number, and that passionless God-like Justice, which controls the relations of the State to other States, and to all the people, who are committed to its charge.

But war crushes with bloody heel all justice, all happiness, all that is God-like in man. "It is," says the eloquent Robert Hall, "the temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue." True, it cannot be disguised, that there are passages in its dreary annals cheered by deeds of generosity and sacrifice. But the virtues which shed their charm over its horrors are all borrowed of Peace; they are emanations of the spirit of love, which is so strong in the heart of man, that it survives the rudest assaults. The flowers of gentleness, of kindliness, of fidelity, of humanity, which flourish in unregarded luxuriance in the rich meadows of Peace, receive unwonted admiration when we discern them in war, like violets shedding their perfume on the perilous edges of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization. God be praised for all the examples of magnanimous virtue which he has vouchsafed to mankind! God be praised that the Roman Emperor, about to start on a distant expedition of war, encompassed by squadrons of cavalry and by golden eagles which moved in the winds, stooped from his saddle to listen to the prayer of the humble widow, demanding justice for the death of her son!* God be praised that Sydney, on the field of battle, gave with dying hand the cup of cold water to the dying soldier! That single act of self-forgetful sacrifice has consecrated the fenny field of Zutphen, far, oh! far beyond its battle; it has consecrated thy name, gallant Sydney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen. But there are hands outstretched elsewhere than on fields of blood, for so little as a cup of cold water; the world is full of opportunities for deeds of kindness. Let me not be told, then, of the virtues of War. Let not the acts of generosity and sacrifice, which have triumphed on its fields, be invoked in its defence. In the words of Oriental imagery, the poisonous tree, though watered by nectar, can produce only the fruit of death!

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* This most admired instance of justice, according to the legends of the Catholic Church, opened to Trajan, although a heathen, the gates of salvation. Dante found the scene and the *visible parlare* of the widow and Emperor storied on the walls of Purgatory, and he has transmitted them in a passage which commends itself hardly less than any in the Divine Poem. *Purgatorio,* Canto X.

As we cast our eyes over the history of nations we discern with horror the succession of murderous slaughters by which their progress has been marked. As the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow Man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the Black Forest of the Past, which he has reddened with his gore. Oh! let it not be in the future ages as in those which we now contemplate. Let the grandeur of man be discerned in the blessings which he has secured; in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace.*

As the ocean washes every shore, and clasps, with all-embracing arms, every land, while it bears on its heaving bosom the products of various climes; so Peace surrounds, protects and upholds all other blessings. Without it commerce is vain, the ardor of industry is restrained, happiness is blasted, virtue sickens and dies.

And Peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill, fields held sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose their lustre. Our own Washington rises to a truly Heavenly stature,—not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton,—not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown; but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day, upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war. What glory of battle in England's annals will not fade by the side of that great act of Justice, by which her Legislature, at a cost of one hundred million dollars, gave freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves! And when the day shall come, (may these eyes be gladdened by its beams!) that shall witness an act of greater justice still, the peaceful emancipation of three millions of our fellow-men, "guilty of

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* Man alone of the animal creation preys upon his own species! The kingly lion does not prey upon his brother lion; the ferocious tiger does not prey upon kindred tigers.

> Sed jam serpentum major concordia; parcit
> Cognatis maculis similis fera. Quando leoni
> Fortior eripuit vitam leo? quo nemore unquam
> Exspiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?
> Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride *pacem*
> *Perpetuam.*
>
> Juvenal, Sat. XV. 159.

a skin not colored as our own," now held in gloomy bondage, under the constitution of our country, then shall there be a victory, in comparison with which that of Bunker Hill shall be as a farthing-candle held up to the sun. That victory shall need no monument of stone. It shall be written on the grateful hearts of uncounted multitudes, that shall proclaim it to the latest generation. It shall be one of the great land-marks of civilization; nay more, it shall be one of the links in the golden chain by which Humanity shall connect itself with the throne of God.

As the cedars of Lebanon are higher than the grass of the valley; as the heavens are higher than the earth; as man is higher than the beasts of the field; as the angels are higher than man; as he that ruleth his spirit is higher than he that taketh a city; so are the virtues and victories of Peace higher than the virtues and victories of War.

Far be from us, fellow-citizens, on this Anniversary, the illusions of National freedom in which we are too prone to indulge. We have but half done, when we have made ourselves free. Let not the scornful taunt be directed at us; "They wish to be *free;* but know not how to be *just.*"* Freedom is not an end in itself; but a means only; a means of securing Justice and Happiness, the real end and aim of States, as of every human heart. It becomes us to inquire earnestly if there is not much to be done by which these can be promoted. If I have succeeded in impressing on your minds the truths, which I have upheld to-day, you will be ready to join in efforts for the Abolition of War, and of all preparation for War, as indispensable to the true grandeur of our country.

To this great work let me summon you. That Future which filled the lofty visions of the sages and bards of Greece and Rome, which was foretold by the prophets and heralded by the evangelists, when man in Happy Isles, or in a new Paradise, shall confess the loveliness of Peace, may be secured by your care, if not for yourselves, at least for your children. Believe that you can do it, and you can do it. The true golden age is before you, not behind you. If man has been driven once from Paradise, while an angel with a flaming sword forbade his return, there is another Paradise, even on earth, which he may form for himself, by the cultivation of the kindly virtues of life, where the confusion of

* Ils veulent être libres et ne savent pas être justes.—*Abbé Sieyes.*

tongues shall be dissolved in the union of hearts, where there shall be a perpetual jocund spring, and sweet strains borne on "the odoriferous wings of gentle gales," more pleasant than the Vale of Tempe, richer than the garden of the Hesperides, with no dragon to guard its golden fruit.

Let it not be said that the age does not demand this work. The mighty conquerors of the Past, from their fiery sepulchres, demand it; the blood of millions unjustly shed in war crying from the ground demands it; the voices of all good men demand it; the conscience even of the soldier whispers "Peace." There are considerations, springing from our situation and condition, which fervently invite us to take the lead in this great work. To this should bend the patriotic ardor of the land; the ambition of the statesman; the efforts of the scholar; the pervasive influence of the press; the mild persuasion of the sanctuary; the early teachings of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs, more truly worthy the American name, than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the *Last Reason of Kings*. Let it be no reason of our Republic. Let us renounce and throw off for ever the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain-tops first discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage-ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new era! Lift high the gates, and let the King of Glory in—the King of true Glory—of Peace. I catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty;*

And let the whole earth be filled with his glory!

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot, the small Island of Delos, dedicated to the Gods, and kept at all times sacred from war, where the citizens of hostile countries met and united in a common worship. So let us dedicate our broad country! The Temple of Honor shall be surrounded by the Temple of Concord, so that the former can be entered only through the portals of the latter; the horn of Abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of Religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within JUSTICE, returned to the earth

* The services of the choir at the Church, where the Oration was delivered, were performed by the youthful daughters of the public schools of Boston.

from her long exile in the skies, shall rear her serene and majestic front. And the future chiefs of the Republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be "the first in PEACE, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen."

But while we seek these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the *Truce of God* to the whole world for ever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth, be exchanged for the golden cestus of Peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage, that was bestowed, by massacring soldiers, on the spot occupied by the Sepulchre of the Lord. Vain man! to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mould! The whole earth is the Sepulchre of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Let us recognize this truth; and now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand Temple of Universal Peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of Heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

[Referred to on page 8.]

THE following letter has been published at the suggestion of several friends, as illustrating a topic considered in the text.

JULY 6th, 1845.

MY DEAR ————,

It has occurred to me that you might have thought me wanting in frankness, when I avoided expressing a positive opinion with regard to the righteousness of the resistance of our Fathers to taxation by the British Parliament. I am very desirous, on many accounts, of not disturbing that question; "Let the Dead Past bury its Dead." I wish to confine myself to the Present and the Future.

There is one conclusion, following, with irresistible force, from the assumption that our Fathers were justifiable in their course, which neither of us would wish to have promulgated. It relates to the present condition of *our* slaves. At the time of the Stamp Act and Tea Tax, the population of the Colonies amounted to about *two* millions (according to Mr. Burke, though our writers have called it *three*); their grievance, their slavery, was the necessity of paying a few pence, more or less on certain things, under the direction of a Parliament in which they were not represented. No just or humane person can fail to perceive that all this was as a feather compared with the rod of oppression, now held by our country over *more than three millions of fellow-men.* If *two millions* were justified in resisting by *force* the assumptions of the British Parliament, as contrary to the law of nature, the principles of the common law, and the rights of Freedom; then *a fortiori*, the *three millions* of blacks, into whose souls we thrust the iron of the deadliest slavery the world has yet witnessed, would be justified in resisting by *force* the power that holds them in bondage. Can we proclaim such a truth?

To me, the more humane, the more Christian, the more expedient course, seems to be to leave that great question undisturbed in the coffins of our Fathers. There are minor rules of propriety, not to say of politeness and good breeding, that seem to indicate the same conclusion. The customary tone of reference to the war of the Revolution is in a spirit which would be considered indelicate with regard to any private or personal experience; and it seems to me well worthy of consideration, whether the time has not come for nations to put aside their habits of boasting, as indecorous, if not unchristian. The propriety of this course must commend itself, not only to those, who may regard the conduct of the Fathers of the Revolution as questionable, but even to those who think it entirely justifiable. Even if the great *trial by battle* be regarded as a rational

mode of determining *justice* between nations; should not the place of encounter be held rather as a field of execution, than of triumph? We do not erect monuments to commemorate the scenes of public executions. * * * *

Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

NOTE B.

[Referred to on page 23]

In this note I propose to present a sketch of the history of *Private Wars* and of the *Trial by Battle*. Let it be borne in mind, that the same sentiments which lead us to condemn these as impious and monstrous, equally condemn wars between nations. I cannot dwell too much upon the importance of this parallel; and I would here repeat what is set forth in the text, though not with sufficient prominence, that *all war between civilized Christian nations is a mere* TRIAL OF RIGHT, *or a mode of determining justice between them*, in this respect resembling precisely the *Trial by Battle*. It is a mode of litigation, or of determining a *Lis Pendens* between nations. This, of course, excludes the idea of *self-defence*. The supposed right of *self-defence* might arise, if a pirate should enter our harbors, for the mere purpose of murder or plunder; but it is irrational and vain to suppose that there is any element of *self-defence* in a war to determine a dispute or litigation between nations. I hope to brand the phrase *defensive wars* as absurd, and expressing in our age, and among Christian nations, an impossible idea. It is a part of the "flash language" of war and diplomacy, which should be now exploded. I repeat, again, that all war is a mere *Trial by Battle* between nations; and as such, no one can fail to pronounce it, in the language of Montesquieu, *monstrous*, and in the language of the old Lombard monarch, *impious*.

PRIVATE WARS. The system of *private wars* may be traced to the dark woods of Ancient Germany, where the right of avenging injuries was treated as a private and personal right, exercised by force of arms, without reference to an umpire, or appeal to a magistrate for decision. Emerging from thence, it prevailed in the early centuries of modern times, in all the countries of Europe, though few traces of it are to be found in England after the Conquest, except in times of civil trouble and commotion. Though the avenging of injuries was the only motive that could legally authorize private wars, yet they often arose from disputes concerning civil property. They were carried on with all the destructive rage which is to be dreaded from violent resentment when armed with force, and authorized by law. The invasion of the most barbarous enemy was not more desolating to a country or more grievous to its inhabitants. Various ineffectual efforts were made for their suppression. A Bishop of Aquitaine, A. D. 1032, pretended that an angel had appeared to him and brought him a writing from Heaven, enjoining men to cease from their hostilities, and be reconciled to each other. It was during a season of public calamity that he published this revelation, the minds of men were disposed to receive supernatural impressions, and consented to a general peace and cessation of hostilities, which continued for seven years. A resolution was formed that no man should in time to come, attack or molest his adversaries during the seasons set apart for celebrating the great festivities of the church, or from the evening of Thursday in each week to the morning of Monday in the week ensuing, the intervening days being considered as particularly holy, the Lord's Passion having happened on one of these days, and his Resurrection on another. A change in the disposition of men so sudden, and producing a resolution so unexpected, was considered as miraculous, and the respite of hostilities, which followed upon it, was called *The Truce of God*. This from being a regulation or concert in one kingdom, became a general law in Christendom, and was confirmed by the authority of the Pope, and the violators of it were subject to the penalty of excommunication. The custom of private war still continued; but was discountenanced by St. Louis, until finally Charles VI in 1413, issued an ordinance expressly prohibiting it on any pretext whatsoever, with power to the magistrates to compel all persons to comply with this injunction, and to punish such as should prove refractory or disobedient. Later

than this there is an instance of a pitched battle in the reign of Edward IV of England. at Nibley Green, in Gloucestershire, on the 10th of August, 1470, between two powerful nobles, William, Lord Berkley, and Thomas, Viscount Lisle. Both brought a large number of men into the field; an hundred and fifty men were killed in the action. After the battle, Lord Berkley repaired to the Castle of Lord Lisle, at Wotton, and it was ransomed as a place taken in regular war. The cause of this feud was the right of succession to the lands of Berkley. The law-suit which gave occasion to this battle, lasted a hundred and ninety-two years, and during its progress the Castle of Berkley was once taken by surprise, and its inhabitants thrown into prison; it was, besides, frequently attacked and defended, with much effusion of blood. (Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 69, for April, 1845.)

Let us close this sketch in the words of Robertson; in allusion to the regulations for the abolition of private war; "How slow is the progress of reason and civil order! Regulations which to us appear so equitable, obvious and simple, required the efforts of civil and ecclesiastical authority, during several centuries, to introduce and establish them." *

Trial by Battle. The *trial by battle*, or the judicial combat, was a formal and legitimate mode of determining disputes. This, likewise, may be traced to the ancient Germans; for it appears by a passage in Velleius Paterculus (L. II. c. 118), that all questions which were decided among the Romans by trial, were terminated among them by the sword; the Roman laws and method of trial, which Quintilius Varus attempted to introduce among them, were regarded as *novitas incognitæ disciplinæ, ut solita armis decerni jure terminarentur.* It afterwards extended to the other countries of Europe, though it does not seem to have established itself completely in France, till after the time of Charlemagne. It seems to have been popular in Lombardy, though Luitprand, King of the Lombards, in one of his laws in 713, expressly admits its *impiety;* Incerti sumus de judicio Dei et quosdam andivimus per pugnam sine justâ causâ suam causam perdere. Sed propter consuetudinem gentis nostræ Longobardorum *legem impiam vetare non possumus.* (Muratori, Rerum Italic. Script. t. 2. p. 65. Like the other ordeals, by the burning ploughshares, by the holding hot iron, by dipping the hand in hot water, or hot oil, it was a presumptuous appeal to Providence, under an apprehension and hope that Heaven would give the victory to him who had the right. It was the child of superstition and brute force.

It seems probable that the trial by battle was originally permitted, in order to determine points respecting the personal character, or reputation of individuals, and was afterward extended, not only to criminal cases, but to questions concerning property. In the year 961, a controversy concerning the church of St. Medard, whether it belonged to the Abbey of Beaulieu, was terminated by judicial combat. The Abbot Wittikindus considered it as the best and most *honorable* mode of determining a grave point of law. "It was a matter of doubt and dispute," says the Abbot, "whether the sons of a son ought to be reckoned among the children of the family, and succeed equally with their uncles if their father happened to die while their grandfather was alive. An assembly was called to deliberate on this point, and it was the general opinion that it ought to be remitted to the examination and decision of judges. But the Emperor, [Otho II] *following a better course, and desirous of dealing* honorably *with his people and nobles, appointed the matter to be decided between two champions.* He who appeared in behalf of the right of children to represent their deceased father was victorious; and it was established by a perpetual decree, that they should hereafter share in the inheritance together with their uncles." This was under the German Emperor, Otho II in the tenth century. But the folly of man did not end here. A question of religion, as well as of law, was submitted to the same arbitrament. In the eleventh century the question was agitated in Spain, whether the Musarabic Liturgy which had been used in the Churches of Spain, or the Liturgy approved by the See of Rome, differing in many particulars from the other, contained the form of worship most acceptable to the Deity. The Spaniards contended zealously for the liturgy of their ancestors. The

* The subject of private war is treated with an exactness, perspicuity and comprehensiveness by Dr Robertson (Hist. of Charles V. Vol. I. note 21), which have inspired the warm commendation of Mr. Hallam. (History of Middle Ages, Vol. II.—155, cap. 2. pt. 2.) It also occupies the attention of our countryman (Mr Wheaton), in his History of the Northmen; and of the humane and accomplished historian of France, Sismondi. (Histoire des Français, Tome VIII. 72-77.)

Popes urged the reception of that which had their infallible sanction. The question was referred to the trial by battle. Two knights in complete armor entered the lists. John Ruys de Matanca, the champion of the Musarabic Liturgy, was victorious.

While the trial by battle subsisted, proofs by charter, contracts or persons, became ineffectual. When a charter or other instrument was introduced by one of the parties, his opponent might challenge it, affirm that it was false and forged, and offer to prove this by combat. So he might accuse a witness, whom he suspected of being about to give testimony against him, of being suborned, give him the lie, and challenge him to combat; and if the witness was vanquished, no other evidence was admitted, and the party by whom he was summoned lost his cause. The reason given for obliging a witness to accept of defiance, and to defend himself by combat, contains the idea of what is called the *point of honor;* "for it is just, that if any one affirms that he perfectly knows the truth of any thing, and offers to give oath upon it, that he should not hesitate to maintain the veracity of his affirmation in combat." Leg. Burgund. tit. 45.

The trial by battle extended itself so generally in France, if not in other parts of Europe, as at one time to supersede all the other ordeals, which were regarded also as judgments of God, and even the mode by proofs. In Orleans it was restrained to civil matters, involving upwards of six sous in amount. [Montesquieu, Esp. des Lois. Liv. 28, cap. 20.] Regulations of great minuteness were established with regard to the ceremonies; and this *monstrous usage*, as it is called by Montesquieu, was reduced to a system, and illustrated by an extensive jurisprudence. Men, says this ingenious Frenchman, subject to rules even their prejudices. Nothing was more contrary to good sense, than the judicial combat, but being once recognized, it was conducted with a certain prudence. In this respect, as in many others, it bears a resemblance to the great *trial by battle* which still prevails between nations; and which has its artificial and complex regulations, the so called laws of war.

The field for the combat was selected with care; and in many places there was an open space for this purpose in the neighborhood of the Church. We learn by an accidental notice in Froissart, that there was a tribune attached to the walls of the Abbey of St. German des Prés, in Paris, which was destined for the judges of the combat, and which overlooked the meadow *aux Clercs*, which served for a field. (Froissart, c. 383, p. 290; Sismondi, Histoire, X. 514.) The ground being selected, a large fire was kindled, and a gallows erected for the vanquished. Two seats covered with black were also prepared for the combatants, on which they received certain admonitions, and were made to swear on the Holy Evangelists that they had not had recourse to sorcery, witchcraft, or incantation. They had previously attended the celebration of mass, the forms of which for such occasions are still to be found in certain old missals, where it is called *missa pro duello*. In certain cases of physical inability, and where women and the clergy were concerned, a battle by proxy was allowed and regular bravoes, called *champions*, were hired for this purpose; dreadful trade, it would seem, since the right hand of the champion was lopped off in the event of his being worsted. Meanwhile the principals were kept out of the lists with ropes about their necks, and he who was beaten by proxy was forthwith hanged in person, although in certain cases he was allowed to be decapitated. (Millingen, Hist. of Duelling, Vol. I. 31, 32; Montesquieu, Esprit des Lois, Liv. 28, cap. 19.)

In England, trial by battle was conducted with peculiar form, in the presence of the judges in their scarlet robes, who presided over the field which was duly set out of sixty feet square, and enclosed by lists. It appears that trials of this kind were so frequent, that fines, paid on these occasions, made no inconsiderable branch of the King's Revenue. (Madox, Hist Excheq. Vol I. 349.) For sometime after the conquest the only mode of trying a writ of right, for the determination of the title to real property was this barbarous proceeding; but Henry II, by consent of parliament, introduced the *grand assise*, a peculiar species of trial by jury, in concurrence therewith; giving the party against whom the action is brought his choice of either the one or the other. The establishment of this alternative is pronounced by Glanville, his Chief Justice, and probably his adviser therein, a certain benefit. He says; *duelli casum declinare possint homines ambiguum.* Jus enim, *quod post multas et longas dilationes vix evincitur per duellum*, per beneficium istius constitutionis commodius et accelcratius expeditur. (l. 2 c. 7.) A trial by combat was appointed in England in 1571, under the inspection of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas; but Queen Elizabeth

interposed her authority, and enjoined the parties to compound the matter; yet in order to preserve what was called their *honor*, the lists were marked out, and all the forms previous to the combat were observed with much ceremony. (Spelm. Gloss. veb. *campus*, p. 103.) The last time that this trial was actually awarded in England, was in 1631, between Lord Rae and Mr. Ramsay. King Charles I appointed, by commission, a constable of England to preside over it, who proclaimed a day, on which the combatants were to appear with a spear, a long sword, a short sword, and a dagger; but this was accommodated without bloodshed. (Hargrave, State Trials, XI. 124.) The form of proceeding fell into desuetude, overruled by the advancing spirit of civilization; but, to the disgrace of the English law, it was not legislatively abolished till in 1817 the right to it had been distinctly claimed in the Court of King's Bench. Abraham Thornton, in an appeal against him for murder, when brought into Court, pleaded as follows; "Not Guilty, and I am ready to defend the same by my body;" and thereupon taking off his glove, he threw it upon the floor of the Court. The appellant did not choose to submit to this trial, and abandoned his proceedings. In the next session of parliament, trial by battle was abolished in England. (Blackstone, Com. Vol. III. 337, Chitty's note.) The Attorney General, in introducing the bill for this purpose, remarked, that "if the party had persevered, he had no doubt the legislature would have felt it their imperious duty to interfere and pass an ex *post facto* law, *to prevent so degrading a spectacle from taking place.*" Annual Register, Vol. LXI. p. 52. (1819). Is not war between nations an equally degrading spectacle?

☞ The principal modern authorities for the history of the judicial combat are the admirable note by Robertson (History of Charles V. Vol. I. note 22); Montesquieu (Esprit des Lois. Liv. 28, cap. 17–29), whose luminous mind has cast upon it a brilliant flood of light; Blackstone (Commentaries, Vol. III. 337–351; Vol. IV. 346–348, 419); Hallam (Middle Ages, Vol. I. 187, cap. 2, pt. 2); the humane and accomplished Sismondi (Histoire des Français VIII. 77–78); Guizot, in a work of remarkable beauty of historical inquiry and depth of philosophy, more grave than the Esprit des Lois, and enlightened by loftier ideas of human progress and virtue (Histoire de la Civilization en France depuis la chute de l'Empire Romain, Tome IV. 89, 149–166); our learned countryman, Mr. Wheaton (History of the Northmen, Cap. III and XII); and Millingen (History of Duelling, 2 vols.), a writer, hardly deserving the character of an authority, and utterly unworthy a place in this fellowship of authors.

NOTE C.

[Referred to on page 29.]

A Congress of Nations and Arbitration. It is intended to offer in this Note, a sketch of the efforts of private men, and the examples of Nations tending to a Congress of Nations, or an established system of Arbitration without appeal to War.

The duty and importance of *Universal Peace* was recommended by the early Fathers of the Christian Church. The character of the *good Man of Peace* was described in the 15th century, in that work of unexampled circulation, which has been translated into all modern languages, and republished more than a thousand times. (De Imitatione Christi, by Thomas à Kempis, Lib. 2. cap. 3). The writings of Erasmus at the close of the same century, abound in the spirit of Peace. In the 17th century, Nicole, a friend of Pascal, one of the fellowship of Port Royal, and one of the highest names in the Church of France, in his *Essais de Morale*, in six volumes, gave to the world *Traité des Moyens de conserver la Paix avec les Hommes*, a treatise which Voltaire terms "a master-piece to which nothing equal has been left to us by Antiquity." (Siecle de Louis XIV. See Hallam's History of Literature, Vol. III. 383, part IV. cap. 4). It is to be found in a recent edition of the *Pensées de Pascal.* The reader of our day cannot perceive in it the exalted merit which drew forth the eulogy of Voltaire. At the beginning of the 18th century appeared the *Projet de Paix Perpetuelle*, in three volumes, by the Abbé Saint Pierre, which the benevolent author, by a species of pious fraud, attributed to Henry IV. and his Minister Sully, with the view of recommending it to the adoption of the Sovereigns and Ministers, to whom the authority of these great names would be more imposing than the intrinsic merit of the scheme itself. His ideas were characterized by the profli-

gate minister and cardinal Dubois as *les reves d'un homme de bien.* Afterwards in 1761, that great genius, Rousseau published a little work to which he modestly gave the title, *Extrait du Projet de Paix perpetuelle de M'l'Abbé de Saint Pierre.* Without appealing to those higher motives, for addressing which to sovereigns Saint Pierre had most unjustly incurred the ridicule of practical statesmen. such as the love of true glory, of humanity, and a regard to the dictates of conscience and the precepts of religion, Rousseau merely supposes princes to be endowed with common sense, and capable of estimating how much their interests would be promoted by submitting their respective pretensions to the arbitration of an impartial tribunal, rather than resorting to the uncertain issue of arms, which even to the victor cannot bring adequate compensation for the blood and treasure expended in the contest. (See Wheaton's History of the Law of Nations, part 2. § 17.)

There are fragments of a *Project of Perpetual Peace*, by the late Jeremy Bentham, recently published from MSS. bearing date from 1786 to 1789, under the superintendence of his Executor, Dr. Bowring (Part 8. pp. 537–554, London, 1839), which are marked by the penetrating sense and humanity of their author.

Of late years, several writers of the different schools of German philosophy, have proposed the establishment of an Amphictyonic council of Nations, by which their mutual differences might be judiciously settled, and the guilt and misery of war for ever abolished among civilized nations. One of the most remarkable of these projects of Perpetual Peace was that published by Kant in 1795. He says; "What we mean to propose is a general Congress of Nations, of which both the meeting and the duration are to depend entirely on the sovereign wills of the League, and not an indissoluble Union like that which exists between the several States of North America founded on a Municipal constitution. Such a Congress, and such a League. are the only means of realizing the idea of a true public law, according to which the difference between nations would be determined by civil proceedings as those between individuals are determined by civil judicature, instead of resorting to war, a means of redress worthy only of barbarians." Kant, Rechtslehre, Zweiten Theil, § 61. The principles of Kant on this subject have been contested by another celebrated German Philosopher, Hegel, in the spirit of one whose mind was so imbued with the history of the Past, as to be insensible to the charms of Peace. A state of perpetual peace, he says, if it could be realized, would produce a moral stagnation among nations. Hegel, Philosophie des Rechts, herausgegeben von Gans § 321–339. See also Wheaton's History of the Law of Nations, part 4, § 36, 37.

Most important information on this subject is collected in the volume of Prize Essays published by the American Peace Society, and in a little tract, entitled, a Congress of Nations, by the same Society. The useful life of the late William Ladd was devoted to the diffusion of information on this subject.

A General Peace Convention was held in London, in June, 1843, composed of delegates from various countries, which was organized by the choice of Charles Hindley, Esq., M. P., as President, and the Marquis de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, as Vice President. The Convention was graced by the presence of many persons, well known for their labors of philanthropy. Among those prominent in political life who took a part in its proceedings, were Lord Robert Grosvenor, William Sherman Crawford, M. P., Richard Cobden, M. P., Joseph Hume, M. P., W. Ewart, M. P., Dr. Bowring, M. P.

The Convention was called together on the principle, "that war is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity and with the true interests of mankind." The following are among the Resolutions which it adopted:

On Arbitration instead of War. "That this Convention earnestly recommends to Governments. Members of Legislative bodies, and public functionaries, the adoption of *the principle of arbitration* for the adjustment of all international differences; and that stipulations be introduced into all international treaties to provide for this mode of adjustment; whereby recourse to war may be entirely avoided between such nations as shall agree to abide by such stipulation."

On a Congress of Nations. "That while recommending the plan of Judge Jay, which proposes that Nations should enter into treaty stipulations to refer their differences to the arbitration of a friendly power, as a measure the most *immediately* available for the prevention of war, we still regard. as peace societies have from their origin regarded, especially as set forth by the late William Ladd, Esq., *a Congress of Nations to settle and perfect the code*

of international law, and a High Court of Nations to interpret and apply that for the settlement of all National disputes, as that which should be further kept in view by the friends of peace, and urged upon the Governments as one of the best practical modes of settling peacefully and satisfactorily such international disputes."

On Preparation for War. "That in the opinion of this Convention, preparations for war are so many incentives to war, and ought to be discouraged by all friends of peace."

There are now Peace Societies at London, at Paris, at Brussels, at Geneva, all coöperating in this holy cause. The American Peace Society is the oldest, and has already been the means of great good. It has adopted as a fundamental article in its constitution the declaration *that all war is forbidden by Christianity*. Its officers and principal members include some of the most prominent divines and public characters of our country; among whom are the President, S. E. Coues, Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Rev. Charles Lowell, of Boston; Rev. Ezra S. Gannett, of Boston; Rev. Francis Wayland, of Providence, R. I.; Rev. C. E. Stowe, of Cincinnati; Rev. Howard Malcom, of Georgetown, Ky.; Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New York; William W. Ellsworth, of Hartford, Conn.; Gerrit Smith, of Peterborough, N. Y.; William Jay, of Bedford, N. Y.; Professor Greenleaf of Cambridge; Samuel A. Elliot, of Boston; Sidney Willard, of Cambridge; Thomas W. Ward, of Boston; Rev. William Jenks; Rev. Orville Dewey, of New York; Jonathan Chapman; Martin Brimmer, of Boston; Amasa Walker.

Of a society, composed of such names, subscribing to such a principle,—it would be difficult for Southey to repeat the gibe, which he allowed himself to utter in his Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, I. 224; "I say nothing of the Society for the Abolition of War (Heaven bless the mark!); it has not obtained sufficient notice even to be in disrepute."

History furnishes various illustrations of the principle of a Congress of Nations, under the name of Councils, Leagues, Diets or Congresses. 1. *The Amphictyonic Council*, embracing at first twelve and finally thirty-one states or cities was established in the year 497 B. C. Each city sent two deputies, and had two votes in the Council, *which had full power to discuss all differences* which might arise between the Amphictyonic cities. 2. *The Achæan League*, founded at a very early period, and renewed in 284 B. C. Although each member of the League was independent of the others, yet they formed one body, and so great was their reputation for justice and probity, that the Greek cities of Italy referred disputes to their arbitration. 3. Passing over other confederacies of antiquity, we come down to the *Hanseatic League*, begun in the twelfth century and completed near the middle of the thirteenth. It comprised at one time nearly eighty cities. A system of international law was adopted in their general assemblies. While pursuing a pacific policy, they flourished beyond all precedent. 4. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in Germany, various other cities and nobles entered into alliances and associations for mutual protection, under various names, as the *League of the Rhine*, and of *Suabia*. (Robertson, Hist. of Charles V. Note 21.) 5. *The Helvetic Union* began so long ago as 1308, and has preserved peace among its members during the greater part of five centuries. It is covenanted by this Union that all public dissensions shall be settled between the parties in an amicable manner; and, with this view, particular judges and arbitrators are appointed with power to compose any strife that may arise. 6. *The Grand Scheme of Henry IV*, of France, for the blending of the Christian States of Europe in one Confederacy, had its rise more in selfish ambition, than in true humanity; but it has served to keep before Christendom the idea of the same common tribune for the great brotherhood of nations. 7. *The United States of America* furnish an instance of the union of twenty-six different States, all having peculiar interests, in bonds of peace, with a tribunal which has jurisdiction over the controversies of the States.

William Penn once said of the schemes of Henry IV, "his example tells us that *it is fit to be done;* Sir William Temple's History of the United Provinces shows, by a surpassing instance, that *it may be done;* and Europe, by her incomparable miseries, that *it ought to be done*."

It seems, in the order of Providence, that the families, tribes and nations of the earth should tend, by means of association, to a final *Unity*. The seven kingdoms of England became *one* under the Saxon Edgar; Wales was forcibly absorbed into England under Edward I; Ireland, after a protracted resistance, was finally absorbed under Edward III; Scotland became connected with England by the accession of James I, to the throne of the Tudors, and the two countries

afterwards, under Queen Anne, were united by an act of peaceful legislation. The great nations of France and Austria have passed through similar stages; disjointed fragments and scattered limbs have been brought together; provinces, which once possessed an equivocal independence, now feel new power and happiness in their common union. This is the great process of crystallization, which is constantly going on among nations. The next stage will be the association of Christian States.

Our country possesses peculiar advantages for taking the initiative in the diplomatic measures, by which this great event is to be hastened. A Committee of Congress, in a Report, ascribed to the late Mr Legaré, recommended in 1838, "a reference to a third power of all such controversies as can be safely confided to any tribunal unknown to the Constitution of our country. Such a practice, (say the Committee) will be followed by other powers, and will soon grow up into the customary law of civilized nations." The Legislature of Massachusetts, by a series of Resolutions, passed with great unanimity in 1844, declare it their "earnest desire that the government of the United States would, at the earliest opportunity, take measures for obtaining the consent of the powers of Christendom to the establishment of a General Convention or Congress of Nations, for the purpose of settling the principles of international law, and of organizing a high court of nations, to adjudge all cases of difficulty which may be brought before them by the mutual consent of two or more nations." Mr. Jay, in his work on *Peace and War*, while he foresees the ultimate establishment of a Congress of Nations, recommends as a preliminary step the formation of Treaties with the different powers of Christendom, providing for the adjustment of difficulties by *arbitration*.

There is no work to which an American statesman may devote himself, in the hope of fame, or in the desire to be of service to the world, that can compare in grandeur with the cause which is now most earnestly recommended to all who have any influence over the public mind. Let the President of the United States empower our ministers at all the Courts to which they are accredited to open negotiations at once for this holy purpose.

NOTE D.

[Referred to on page 32.]

Dr. Vinton's Sermon. The sermon of the Rev. Dr. Vinton, pronounced before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, is a most disheartening production. It is the subtle effort of an excellent mind to reconcile what he calls defensive war (he does not show that such a war is possible, in this age, among Christian nations) with the injunctions of Christianity, severing and dividing, as with profane metaphysical scissors, a most intelligible verse of the Gospel, wholly neglecting others of great and controlling significance, and seeking to overturn one of the most blessed truths. The sermon was delivered on a public occasion of ceremony, before a military body; it was voted by the martial critics "able, eloquent, and interesting," and at their request was printed. It has been praised in newspapers; though, to the credit of a wakeful press, which now exercises a restraining influence over the clergy, as well as the laity, its pernicious doctrines and its unfair reasoning have already been rebuked by two able writers in different journals. It has thus become public property, and as such, I venture to dwell on its character.

This sermon is particularly sinister at this moment, when the country stands on the verge of two wars, which will be proclaimed to be defensive in their character, though having in them no element of *self-defence*, and being mere trials of title to distant territories. It is also unfair in its peculiar mode of treating the question. There is an honest hardihood in the military ardor with which Grotius (De jure Belli ac Pacis) and, since him, Mr. Lieber, (Political Ethics), march against the direct injunctions of the Saviour, the *ipsissima verba* of the Gospel, treating them as of little or no account, as extravagances or exaggerations. But Dr. Vinton founds his defence of war on a single verse of the Gospel, leaving all others untouched, and even concealing them from the view. In this way he may avoid seeming directly to stultify Him whom he calls Master, by declaring that his words do not mean what they seem to mean; that He did not know what he

meant when he said, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies;" and that Paul indulged in an impracticable extravagance when he said, "Overcome evil with good." But placing his whole argument upon a single verse, the whole superstructure rushes to the earth when the interpretation by which it is supported is shown to be inconsistent with the general character and teachings of Christ; inconsistent with the fair and natural sense of the words in the English version; utterly and flagrantly inconsistent with the plain and grammatical construction of the original Greek; so much so as to lead to the conclusion that Dr. Vinton did not refer to the original Greek, or did not understand it. I am indebted to a friend, whose name it would be superfluous in me to mention, for the following masterly criticism of Dr. Vinton's treatment of this verse. After reading this, no person can regard it otherwise than monstrous to found a scriptural defence of so great a crime as war on an unfair, ignorant and ungrammatical perversion of a few short words in the gospel of peace.

To those who are desirous of reading a natural and unanswerable expression of the true doctrine of Christianity on the subject of war, where the different injunctions of the Saviour seem to come together and arrange themselves, not by subtle force, but spontaneously and by divine harmony, I would refer to the elaborate work of Dymond on War; to the essay by Gurney, entitled, "War unlawful under the Christian dispensation;" the Address of the Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, before the American Peace Society; and the truly Christian sermon of Rev. Mr. Bogue, of England.

If the habit of delivering sermons before a military company should be continued, and another Christian minister be found consenting another year to degrade the "blessedness" of the gospel to the "blasphemy" of war, I hope he will be willing to attend to the following points: *First*, the numerous direct texts in the gospel, all of them embracing war in their general condemnation, or enjoining peace; *second*, the character of Christ and his immediate disciples, and the question, whether it is possible to suppose Christ, or the youthful John, or even the fiery Peter, doing duty as soldiers, either in the militia, or the regular army, or preaching sermons in praise of the profession of arms, or riding as chaplains of a military parade; *third*, the history of the Christian church during the first four centuries, showing conclusively that it was then regarded as wrong in a Christian to bear arms; *fourth*, if any kind of war is consistent with Christianity, let him explain precisely what, to the end that its sacred sanctions may not be thrown over all wars,—a piratical contest for Texas, or a mere quarrel about the title to Oregon; *fifth*, if he should assert that what are called defensive wars are consistent with Christianity, let him explain precisely what is meant by a defensive war, and show the possibility,—the most distant possibility,—of the occurrence of such a war in this age, among Christian nations; *sixth*, if he should conclude that Christianity forbids all wars, or all wars but defensive wars, while it is impossible and monstrous to suppose the case of such a war in our age, let him then consider whether all preparations for war are not improper, and whether a Christian minister is not justly reprehensible who lends them the sanction of his presence.

The following criticism, which I hasten to present, will render it necessary for any successor of Dr. Vinton in the church militant, to occupy a position on some other verse of the gospel than that on which he chose to throw up his entrenchments. As the majestic elms on the Boulevards of Paris, affording a generous shade to the people, were hewn down to become barricades in the Revolution of July, so the blessed texts of the gospel, under whose broad and sacred shelter all mankind might repose in peace, from generation to generation, are felled to the earth, and converted into defences of war.

The first four pages of Dr. Vinton's Artillery Election Sermon contain a good and Christian-like exposition of the text, "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight." But as this plain and pious course of remark is not adapted to the military exigencies of the occasion, it is necessary for the sermon to change front, and turn its battery, as it were, upon the position it began by defending. This manœuvre, more martial than clerical, is executed by substituting for the words of the Saviour a paraphrase which contradicts them. They have "an indirect meaning," says Dr. Vinton, and so acting upon the principles of Polonius' advice to Lærtes, he proceeds by "indirections" to "find directions out." "Their paraphrase," he continues, would be thus: "If my

kingdom were of the sort which my enemies supposed, if the object of my government were specially to establish personal security, to promote social comfort, or to maintain national independence, or any other objects for which human governments are formed. then it would be both necessary and right to resist the injustice which has delivered me to this tribunal."

The formal division of the Scriptures into minute portions, called verses, gives great license to ingenious misinterpretation, and is the occasion of much ecclesiastical sophistry. The preacher takes a sentence, clause, or even a single phrase out of its connection, and instead of interpreting it in the broad light of the general truths of Christianity, wrests it from the combination in which it stands, and makes it the theme of a sermon. Like the ancient Sophists he can thus sustain any side of any question. "Hang all the law and prophets" is a familiar and ludicrous instance of textual perversion; but it is not more untenable and distorted than the graver paraphrase on which Dr. Vinton has founded the main part of his discourse. Where did he learn that the language of Christ contains such double and contradictory meanings as his paraphrase superinduces upon the text? that besides the idea which the Saviour's words obviously expressed, there was an *arrière pensée*, a sort of mental reservation, to be drawn out ages after they were spoken, but sealed against the understanding of the man to whom they were addressed by the living tongue?

The first thing that strikes the mind on reading the paraphrase is, that this interpretation puts into the mouth of the Lord a platitude and a paralogism. For on such an occasion it would have been a very inept proceeding to enter even by implication upon a general political thesis. Next it would have been an extraordinary piece of logic to affirm that force might rightly be used in establishing organizations so imperfect as human governments always have been, and so irreligious in their practices, and yet that it would not be right to use force to protect the perfect innocence and godlike sanctity of Christ, in his labors to reform and save the world. If force could be rightly used in the former case, it might *a fortiori* be rightly used in the latter. If wars may rightly be waged in defence or support of the imperfect and the sinful, they may for still stronger reasons be rightly waged for the perfect and the sinless.

The circumstances under which Christ addressed to Pontius Pilate the remarkable words, "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight that I should not be delivered to the Jews," place their meaning beyond a doubt.

The Saviour, well knowing that his ministry on earth was nearly finished, had met his disciples and delivered to them his last and most affecting instructions. In the mean time the Jewish authorities, the Priests, and Pharisees, and Scribes, whose hardened hearts had been pierced, and whose hypocritical lives had been rebuked by the divine teachings of the Son of Man, corrupted the fidelity of one of his professed followers, who agreed for a sum of money to betray his master into their hands. Wrought up to fury by Christ's searching denunciations, which their consciences had been utterly helpless to gainsay, they were resolved to shed his blood, be the means and the consequences what they might. To make sure of their victim they called in the aid of a military band, the ready instruments of every deed of wickedness and blood; and appointing the traitor, Judas Iscariot, their guide, despatched them in martial array to steal upon the holiest of the messengers of God in the silence and retirement of the night, and to arrest him, with every circumstance of insult, like a vulgar malefactor. But when the myrmidons of guilt and hate were led by the betrayer into the presence of that mysterious man, unable to stand before the terrors of his countenance, "they went backward and fell to the ground." Overcoming at length the awe which had struck them powerless, the rude soldiery laid their hands on Jesus and bound him. They conducted him first to the house of Annas, and then arraigned him before Caiaphas, the high priest of that year. At the palace of this priest, the Sanhedrim, or Supreme Council of the Jewish nation, consisting of the bitterest foes of Jesus, who were bent with unpitying rage upon his murder, was hurriedly assembled; and the brief and passionate debate ended with the predetermined judgment of death. But the Jews were under a foreign yoke. Judea was but a province added by conquest to the vast empire of Rome. A procurator, representing the imperial power, was stationed as governor at Jerusalem. Knowing the obstinate and rebellious character of the people, it was his duty to watch with sleepless eye every sign of insubordination in the conquered province. Without his sanction, no capital sentence could be carried into execution. And so the procession formed anew, priests, and rabbis, and the martial array, to conduct the serene and unresisting victim to the judgment hall of Pilate. This

company, stranger than was ever assembled before or since in the history of the world, approached the Roman tribunal just as the morning was breaking over the dread scene. The tragedy of the Saviour's life, crowded with eternal consequences to the happiness of man, was swiftly drawing towards its catastrophe. His enemies, maddened by unreasoning hatred, shrank not from the foulest means to bring about their fell intent; and incident after incident in the awful drama, pregnant with inappreciable significance for the destiny of the human soul, pressed the great action forward with startling rapidity.

The Jews resolved to employ the easily excited jealousy of the Roman governor to strike their victim down. To accomplish their fiendish purpose the more readily, they charged him with a political design against the sovereign power; a design, which in their gross conceptions of the predicted Messiah, they imagined and hoped he would appear on earth to execute; an imagination and a hope which the language and actions of Christ had pointedly contradicted again and again, and thus added to the exasperation which they felt, on other grounds, against his person. They charged him, in effect, with a conspiracy against the Imperial power; with intending to make himself a king and to shake off the Roman yoke; and to substantiate this treasonous charge, they dishonestly perverted the figurative language which they had heard him use on several occasions. They could not enter the pretorium with their destined victim, because the feast of the passover was near at hand, and they desired to eat of it, which they could not religiously do, if they went in,—good, pious men that they were, —but they could knowingly forge a lie, and for the sake of shedding innocent blood, swear falsely to a crime which, by the Roman law, was punishable with an ignominious death upon the cross. Pilate having listened outside of the hall to the accusation so insidiously shaped and adapted to rouse all his Roman fears, suspicions and prejudices against the prisoner, re-entered the pretorium and questioned him *upon this very point.* What was Christ's answer? A positive, intelligible asseveration, as plain as words could express any thought of the mind, and as exclusive of the possibility of any supposed indirect or hidden meaning, as the most transparent singleness of heart could make it: "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight for me that I might not be delivered to the Jews." All these words of the Saviour are limited by the last clause, "That I might not be delivered to the Jews," to his own case; nor, whatever their meaning may be, can they be tortured by any ingenious sophistry into a general thesis, express or implied, upon the rightfulness of sustaining government by force, still less into an authoritative sanction of any kind of war. What Christ said, he meant; no more, and no less. Pilate understood his words, and was satisfied of his innocence. But if Christ had said what the preacher's paraphrase represents him to have indirectly implied, Pilate could not possibly have gone out and declared to the Jews that he found no fault in him; for Pilate must have understood him to mean, that though as a matter of fact, he entertained no such design as was charged upon him by the Jews, still had he been a temporal leader, he might rightfully have maintained his cause by an appeal to arms; that is, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, Pilate must have understood Christ to maintain and declare a set of political or patriotic principles wholly at variance with submission to the Roman Supremacy. Looking at the case, then, from the Roman point of view, and under a sense of weighty responsibility to the central power whose delegate he was, he would have said to the Jews, with perfect truth, "I cannot, indeed, find that this man has been guilty of any overt act of rebellion; but he is a dangerous person and disloyal to Rome; he declares, that were he a temporal prince he might rightfully draw the sword. When he says that his kingdom is not of this world, he is doubtless making a cunning fetch to extricate himself from the present danger. It is a distinction without a difference. I am not to be cheated with these fraudulent subtleties. The principles he professes to my face, would justify him in rebelling whenever he might think he possessed the ability to command success. It is my duty to Rome to put him out of the way. Do with him what you will." But Pilate drew no such meaning from the Saviour's words; he saw with perfect clearness into the true state of the case, and told the Jews, not that he could discover no act ἔγγον, but that he perceived no fault, or ground of charge, αἰτίαν, against the prisoner, and with importunate eagerness urged them to let him go. The Jews could not help perceiving that their attempt to fasten upon Christ a political crime had so far failed, nor did they until some time afterwards repeat the charge, but in the senseless, brutal rabidness of disappointed malice, shrieked out, "Crucify him, crucify him. We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he has made himself a Son of God."

If Christ meant what the paraphrase makes him to imply, he was guilty of a dishonest trick; a jesuitical playing with the ambiguities of human speech. This conclusion any reader, of common sense, must arrive at, upon a careful consideration and comparison of the incidents in the marvellous history. But an examination of the Greek original of the passage in which these transactions are related makes assurance doubly sure. The interpretation of Dr. Vinton will be defended by no tolerable Greek scholar on philological or hermeneutic grounds. The words are, "Ἡ βασιλεία ἡ ἐμὴ οὐκ ἔστιν ἐκ τοῦ κόσμου τούτου. Εἰ ἐκ τοῦ κόσμου τούτου ἦν ἡ βασιλεία ἡ ἐμὴ, οἱ ὑπηρέται ἂν οἱ ἐμοὶ ἠγωνίζοντο, ἵνα μὴ παραδοθῶ τοῖς Ἰουδαίοις· νῦν δὲ ἡ βασιλεία ἡ ἐμὴ οὐκ ἔστιν ἐντεῦθεν." It should be remarked, *first*, that the preposition ἐκ, translated in our English version *of*, means *from*, and denotes *origin* from a place or source; *second*, that the two expressions on which the sense of the passage depends, each being qualified, one by the particle εἰ, the other by the particle ἄν, stand to each other in the relation of *conditioning* and *conditioned* clauses; *third*, that the verbs ἦν and ἠγωνίζοντο are in the indicative mode; *fourth*, that they are in the imperfect tense; and *fifth*, that the word κόσμου, *world*, is used by the sacred writers in a bad sense, as contrasted with goodness, piety or God. Literally translated, then, the passage would run, "My kingdom is not from this world; if my kingdom were from this world, then my servants would fight that I might not be delivered to the Jews. But now my kingdom is not from hence." Expanding the language, not for the sake of paraphrasing, but of illustrating it, the sense may be thus expressed: "My authority does not, like that of temporal rulers, originate in this evil world; if my authority did originate in this world, like that of temporal rulers, then (as a matter of fact, not of right, ἂν ἠγωνίζοντο, indicative mode) would my servants be fighting now (imperfect tense) to defend me from my enemies. But my kingdom is from a higher source; my kingdom is a spiritual authority, bestowed on me by the Heavenly Father. I am the Prince of Peace. I have nothing to do with violence, rebellion and war; but my mission is to teach those doctrines which will for ever put an end to violence, rebellion and war. Were it otherwise, I should not be standing before thy tribunal, in this lowly guise and apparently helpless condition; but sword in hand, like other temporal chieftains, I should be leading armed cohorts, and drenching the earth in blood. But I say again, my authority comes not from hence; and deeds like these have no sanction from me or from my doctrines."

The laws of the language imperatively require this construction. The principles of interpretation, which Pilate instinctively applied, require it. Had the verbs in the two selected clauses been in the optative mode, εἶεν and ἀγωνίζοιντο, then a correct translation would have been, "If my kingdom were of this world, then *might* my servants fight," though even in this case, the *rightfulness* of fighting would not necessarily be inferred. To justify such an interpretation, even with the optative mode, the verb ἀγωνίζοιντο, *might fight*, would need to be qualified by the adverb ὀρθῶς or *δικαίως*, *rightly* or *justly*.

The thoughtless paraphrase in the Artillery Election Sermon is an example of that ecclesiastical sophistry which in all ages of the Christian church, except the earliest, has struggled, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously, to abase the lofty principles of the gospel to the low standard of the existing contemporary world.

NOTE E.

[Referred to on page 40.]

DR. WAYLAND'S VIEWS ON WAR.—When the foregoing Oration was delivered, I was not aware that its principles were sustained so entirely by an authority like Dr. Wayland, in a work, *Elements of Moral Science*, which, it is grateful to know, enjoys an immense circulation, and cannot fail, therefore, to exercise an important influence over the youth of the country. It is with great pleasure that I make the following extract, to which I invite the particular attention of the reader:—

"Let us suppose a nation to abandon all means, both of offence and of defence, to lay aside all power of inflicting injury, and to rely for self-preservation solely upon the justice of its own conduct, and the moral effect which such a course of conduct would produce upon the consciences of men. How would such a nation *procure redress of grievances?* and how would it *be protected from foreign aggression?*

"I. *Of redress of grievances.* Under this head would be comprehended violation of treaties, spoliation of property, and ill-treatment of its citizens. I reply,

"1. The very fact that a nation relied solely upon the justice of its measures, and the benevolence of its conduct, would do more than any thing else *to prevent* the occurrence of injury. The moral sentiment of every human community would rise in opposition to injury inflicted upon the just, the kind, and the merciful. Thus, by this course, the probabilities of aggression are rendered *as few* as the nature of man will permit.

"2. But suppose injury to be done. I reply, the proper appeal for moral beings upon moral questions, is not to physical force, but to the consciences of men. Let the wrong be set forth, but be set forth in the spirit of love; and in this manner, if in any, will the consciences of men be aroused to justice.

"3. But suppose this method to fail. Why, then, let us suffer the injury. This is the preferable evil of the two. Because they have injured us a *little*, it does not follow that we should injure ourselves *much*. But it will be said, what is then to become of our national honor? I answer, first, if we have acted justly, we surely are not dishonored. The dishonor rests upon those who have done wickedly. I answer again, national honor is displayed in forbearance, in forgiveness, in requiting faithlessness with fidelity, and grievances with kindness and good-will. These virtues are surely as delightful and as honorable in nations as in individuals.

"But it may be asked, what is to prevent repeated and continued aggression? I answer, first, not instruments of destruction, but the moral principle which God has placed in the bosom of every man. I think that obedience to the law of God, on the part of the injured, is the surest preventive against the repetition of injury. I answer, secondly, suppose that acting in obedience to the law of benevolence will not prevent the repetition of injury, will acting upon the principle of retaliation prevent it? This is really the true question. The evil tempers of the human heart are allowed to exist, and we are inquiring in what manner shall we suffer the least injury from them; whether by obeying the law of benevolence, or that of retaliation? It is not necessary, therefore, to show, that by adopting the law of benevolence, we shall not *suffer at all*, but that, by adopting it, we shall suffer *less* than by the opposite course; and that a nation would actually thus suffer less upon the whole, than by any other course, cannot, I think, be doubted by any one who will calmly reflect upon the subject.

"II. How would such a nation be protected from external attack and entire subjugation? I answer, by adopting the law of benevolence, a nation would render such an event in the highest degree improbable. The causes of national war are most commonly, the love of plunder, and the love of glory. The first of these is rarely, if ever, sufficient to stimulate men to the ferocity necessary to war, unless when assisted by the second. And by adopting as the rule of our conduct the law of benevolence, all motive arising from the second cause is taken away. There is not a nation in Europe that could be led on to war against a harmless, just, forgiving and defenceless people.

"But suppose such a case really should occur, what are we then to do? I answer, suffer injury with forgiveness and love, looking up to God, who, in his holy habitation, is the Judge of the whole earth. And if it be said, we shall then all be subjected and enslaved, I answer again, have wars prevented men

from being subjected and enslaved? Is there a nation on the continent of Europe that has not been overrun by foreign troops several times, even within the present century? And still more, is it not most commonly the case, that the very means by which we repel a despotism from abroad, only establishes over us a military despotism at home? Since, then, the principle of retaliation will not, with any certainty, save a country from conquest, the real question, as before, is, By obedience to which law will a nation be most likely to escape it, by the law of retaliation, or by that of benevolence? It seems to me that a man who will calmly reflect, can have but little doubt on this matter.

"But I go still farther. The Scriptures teach us that God has created men, both as individuals and as societies, under the law of benevolence; and that he intends this law to be obeyed. Societies have never yet thought of obeying it in their dealings with each other; and statesmen would generally consider the allusion to it as puerile. But this alters not the law of God, nor the punishment which he inflicts upon nations for the violation of it. This punishment I suppose to be war. I believe aggression from a foreign nation to be the intimation from God that we are disobeying the law of benevolence, and that this is his mode of teaching nations their duty, in this respect, to each other. So that aggression seems to me to be in no manner a call to retaliation and injury, but rather a call to special kindness and good-will. And still farther, the requiting evil with good tends just as strongly to the cessation of all injury, in nations as in individuals. Let any man reflect upon the amount of pecuniary expenditure, and the awful waste of human life, which the wars of the last hundred years have occasioned, and then I will ask him whether it be not self-evident, that the one-hundredth part of this expense and suffering, if employed in the honest effort to render mankind wiser and better, would, long before this time, have banished wars from the earth, and rendered the civilized world like the garden of Eden.

"If this be true, it will follow that the cultivation of a military spirit is the cultivation of a great curse to a community; and that all means, both of offence and defence, are worse than useless, inasmuch as they aggravate the very source of the evil, the corrupt passions of the human heart, by the manner in which they ineffectually attempt to check the evil itself.

"I am aware that all this may be *called* visionary, romantic and chimerical. This, however, neither *makes* it so, nor *shows* it to be so. The time to *apply* these epithets will be, when the justness of their application has been proved. And if it be said, these principles may all be very true, but you can never induce nations to act upon them; I answer, this concession admits that such is the law of God. If this be the case, that nation will be the happiest and the wisest which is the first to obey it. And if it be said, it would be wisest and best to obey the law of benevolence, but men will never obey it, I answer, here is manifestly the end of the argument. If we show men what is wisest and best, and according to the will of their Creator, we can do no more. If they disobey it, this is a matter to be settled between them and their God. It remains, however, to be seen, whether God will or will not cause his laws to be obeyed; and whether Omniscience and Omnipotence have not the means of teaching his creatures submission to his will."—pp. 397–401.

NOTE F.

[Referred to on page 64.]

The following beautiful anecdote from the second series of *Mrs. Child's Letters from New York*,—the production of a brave and beautiful soul,—furnishes an instructive illustration of the text:

"I have somewhere read of a regiment ordered to march into a small town and take it. I think it was in the Tyrol; but wherever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, 'If they *will* take it, they must' Soldiers soon came riding in, with colors flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and the boys ran out to see the

pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, 'the harlequins of the nineteenth century.' Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. 'Where are your soldiers?' they asked. 'We have none.' was the brief reply. 'But we have come to take the town.' 'Well, friends, it lies before you.' 'But is there nobody here to fight?' 'No; we are all Christians.'

"Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for; a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. 'If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight,' said he. 'It is impossible to take such a town as this.' So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village, as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

"This experiment on a small scale indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe. When France lately reduced her army, England immediately did the same; for the existence of one army creates the necessity for another, unless men are safely esconced in the bomb-proof fortress above mentioned."

NOTE G.

[Referred to on page 70]

The following extracts from two different sources, will show that private persons once lived in relations of distrust towards each other, similar to those of nations of the present day. The first extract is from the Paston Letters, written in the time of Henry VII of England, and is, perhaps, the most curious and authentic illustration of the *armed* life of that period which can be found. The other is from Sir Walter Scott's picturesque Lay of the Last Minstrel. Who does not rejoice that such days have passed? Who will not join in labors to establish among nations the same harmonious, unarmed intercourse which now prevails among individuals?

"Right worshipful husband, I recommend me to you, and pray you to get me some cross-bows and wyndnacs* (windlasses), to bind them with and quarrels,† for your houses here be so low that there may none man shoot out with no long bow, though we had never so much need.

I suppose ye should have such things of Sir John Fastolf if ye would send to him; and also I would ye should get two or three short pole axes to keep with [*in*] doors, and as many jackets and [*if*] ye may.

Partrich and his fellowship are sore afraid that ye would enter again upon them, and they have made great ordnance within the house, and it is told me that they have made bars to bar the doors crosswise, and they have made wickets on every quarter of the house to shoot out at, both with bows and with hand-guns; and the holes that be made from hand-guns they be scarce knee high from the plancher [*floor*], and of such holes be made five, there can none man shoot out at them with no hand-bows." Paston Letters, CXIII, (LXXVII. vol. 3, p. 31.) Margaret Paston to her husband.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in the Branksome hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds from bower to stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all:
They were all knights of metal true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel:
They quitted not the harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night;

---

* Wyndnacs are what are called grappling irons, with which the bow-string is drawn home.

† Arrows with a square head.

They lay down to rest,
With corslet laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel I trow,
And with Jedwood axe at saddle bow.
A hundred more fed free in stall:
Such was the custom at Branksome hall.

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto I.

W. S. DAMRELL, PRINTER, 11 CORNHILL.

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